

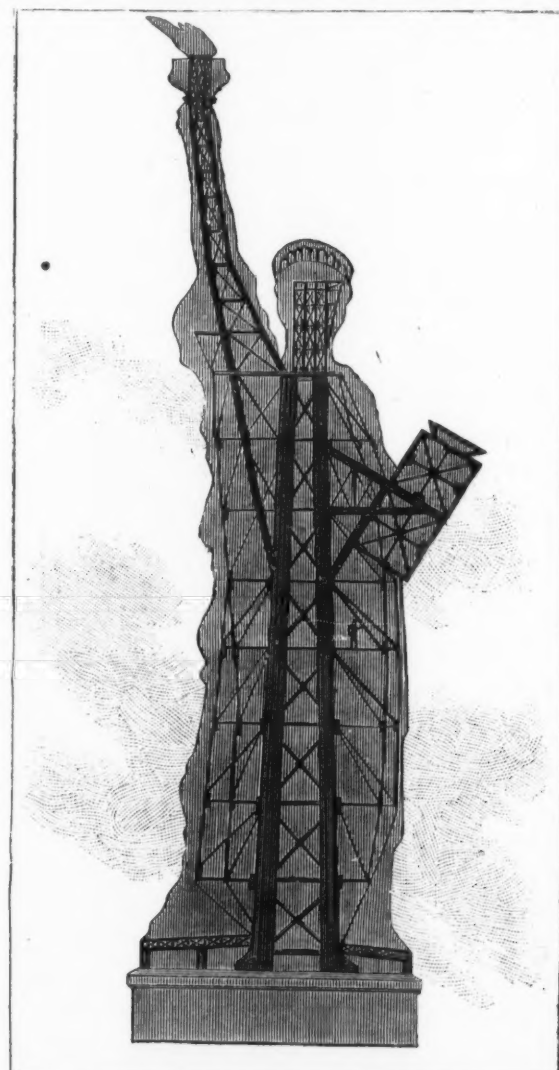
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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1. OFFICIAL PRESENTATION OF THE STATUE OF "LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD," PARIS, JULY 4TH, 1884. 2. M. FRÉDÉRIC-AUGUSTE BARTHOLDI.
3. SECTIONAL VIEW OF STATUE, SHOWING IRON CORE AND BRACES.—SEE PAGE 271.

FRANCE-AMERICA.—THE GIFT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC TO THE UNITED STATES.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
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Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, JUNE 13, 1885.

THE POLITICAL OUTLOOK IN NEW YORK.

HE must be an extraordinarily keen observer who would unravel the tangled threads of New York politics to-day. In the Fall, a Governor and Lieutenant-governor are to be elected, who will remain in office until after the next Presidential election. The full ticket of State officers is to be chosen, and a Senate elected which will help to elect the successor of United States Senator Warner Miller. A Legislature will be voted into power in the Fall which may supervise the Census and a reapportionment of the State, with all its possible political changes. More than this, the Autumn election will be taken by the country at large, whether correctly or not, as the verdict of the Empire State, with its commanding position in National politics, upon President Cleveland's administration. And yet June finds the politicians all at sea. No slates have been filled out on either side, no issues decided upon; in fact, no definite programme of any kind has been adopted. Neither party gained anything at the regular session of the Legislature. Responsibility for the misdoings of that unsatisfactory body attaches to Republicans and Democrats alike.

The Tilden machine is not in first-class working order, owing to the absence of its head, Mr. Daniel Manning, at Washington. Thereby the usually well-drilled Democrats are disconcerted. Tammany Hall is in a state of more or less commotion, which will probably not subside until Mr. John Kelly is restored to perfect health and able to convince his followers that he is really "boss."

Who is to be the Democratic candidate for Governor? If Secretary Manning favors Governor Hill, the latter will probably be the candidate, despite the criticisms of the Independent Press. He is a partisan, and not a reformer of the Cleveland type, and his course has been influenced by political considerations. Perhaps Mugwump opposition will result in a Mugwump candidate. This would enliven the campaign with a novel element. Mr. Erastus Corning is close to Mr. Manning, but his nomination would necessitate an amount of machine work which will scarcely be undertaken. The perennial Roswell P. Flower, Mr. Abram S. Hewitt and Mr. Edward Cooper are mentioned among the possible nominees. Mr. Flower has no considerable backing; Mr. Hewitt has incurred the strong hostility of the old Tilden organization, and ex-Mayor Cooper has no desire to re-enter politics. The present indications, therefore, point to the nomination of Governor Hill. Comptroller Chapin, Attorney-general O'Brien and State Engineer Sweet will be re-nominated, according to the prophets.

On the Republican side there is even more uncertainty. Judge Andrews was talked of as candidate for Governor, but he is unwilling to sacrifice a life position for the office. Congressman Frank Hiscock has put away the temptation, at least for the present. Secretary-of-State Carr is not averse to a nomination. James D. Warren, of Buffalo, is looked upon as available, now that time has removed the bitterness of the Stalwart-Half-breed fight. Senators Evarts and Miller, Chauncey M. Depew, George B. Sloan, of Oswego, Mayor Low of Brooklyn, Albert D. Shaw, formerly Consul to Manchester, and Messrs. Morton and Russell, make up a large field of possible starters in the Gubernatorial race. Nor should Mr. Joseph W. Drexel and Le Grand B. Cannon be forgotten. Their candidacy is intended to supply a demand for new material. Senator Evarts, we are told, is really under serious consideration. Possibly he may be persuaded that the route to the White House, via Albany, is more direct than that by way of the Senate Chamber.

The Democrats have the power of patronage, but we do not believe that any interference from Washington will be permitted. Neither side will ignore the Independent vote. That vote will scarcely be attracted to the Republicans by a "Confederate brigadier" issue, and an attempt to beat the Administration on account of "removals of worthy officials." On the other hand, Independents will find nothing in the extra session of the Legislature and the veto of the Census Bill to commend Governor Hill to their favor. Those who have practically enrolled themselves with the Democratic Party would probably vote for him; others would cast their ballots for the Republican candidate or else abstain from voting. In the present state of uncertainty and expectation, only one fact is clear. The influence of that factor known as the Independent vote will probably keep either party from putting forward a wholly objectionable candidate.

WHAT SHALL WE EAT?

AS clothes are a matter of climate, so food is a matter of habit. We eat what we eat because it was eaten by the generation from which we sprang. We eat cows, but not horses; hogs, but not dogs; rabbits, but not cats; hens, but not crows, mainly because our fathers indulged in that same discrimination. Whether all these animals

are equally adapted to the table or not, it is indisputable that some sorts of food that are really savory and nourishing are excluded from among our viands because of prejudice which centuries of abstinence have helped to strengthen.

Some scientific philosophers and philanthropists have recently gone at work to test the different sorts of discarded food, with a view of rescuing for the enlightened menu such as are found worthy of that honor. Professor C. V. Riley, the Government Entomologist, who first gained the public attention by his enterprise and energy in fighting the cicade, or so-called seventeen-year locusts, at the West, has abandoned the methods of extermination which he formerly used and recommended, and has discovered another method which, if universally adopted, would prove infallible. He was found, the other morning, breakfasting at his own table on these destructive creatures, eating them fried in breadcrumbs. They looked like fried oysters, cracked like shrimps, and ate like "the delicious quintessence of all vegetable juices." The professor now thinks that the way to exterminate the cicada is to make him the victim of the epicurean example he has set; but the frontiersman whose wheat-field is overrun might find the contract too large for him. The professor also recommends to the afflicted farmer to "eat the grasshoppers"; but when that ravenous bird increases at the rate of a hundred bushels a minute, the advice may well seem appalling. Before one undertakes to enact the rôle of Samson, he should be morally certain that the jawbone will be effective.

Every living thing in nature lives on vegetation, or on something else which devoured vegetation, and almost every living thing is eaten by human beings somewhere in the world. St. John is supposed to have lived on the orthopterous insect, sweetened. Horses and mules have been eaten in every besieged city, and have been voted excellent. Dogs and cats and rats are to-day eaten in many cities of the East. In Mexico the descendants of the Aztecs still eat fried flies which infest their swamps, and also collect their eggs and bake them into cakes, which are sold in the markets as a great delicacy. Certainly, if it is a matter of personal appearance, a grasshopper looks more edible and less offensive than a raw oyster; and horses are as clean feeders as there are in the world. Even dogs are more cleanly in their tastes and habits than are hogs or hens. There may, of course, be cases of famine or food scarcity, when people would find it expedient to eat many things to which they are not now accustomed; and to that end, Professor Riley is doing a good thing in demonstrating the edibility of some articles now usually excluded from bills of fare.

LABORERS AND EMPLOYERS.

THE crying need of some just and practical solution of the controversy between laborers and employers, so long felt and deplored, is emphasized for us now by the strike of the iron-workers in Western Pennsylvania, whereby it is estimated that one hundred thousand men have been thrown out of employment, and many of the largest furnaces in the country have been compelled to put out their fires. What this means in the way of idleness, paralyzed trade, poverty, ill-feeling, sickness, death and despair, no words can tell. And yet we are told that the difference between laborers and employers is comparatively trifling, such as might easily be adjusted by an impartial tribunal.

Is there no way by which such strikes, so wasteful and demoralizing, may be avoided? It would be a reproach to our civilization and our Christianity to answer this question in the negative, and yet no remedy thus far proposed satisfies the demands of the parties. But we may at least felicitate ourselves that the evil compels general attention, stimulates thought, quickens the consciences of many, and sets in play influences that must, sooner or later, result in showing a way by which such barbarism—for it is nothing else—may be avoided. Plans to subdue either party to the absolute control of the other would only aggravate existing evils and throw society into chaos. No temporary makeshift will answer. The remedy must be sought in a careful study of the principles which lie at the foundation of human society, and that are applicable alike to rich and poor, to the capitalist and to the laborer. The interests of these different classes, rightly understood, are not antagonistic, but harmonious, even identical. The capitalist who regards the laborer as a being to be driven to toil by hard necessity for the very least that will keep body and soul together, and who pays scanty wages in a miserly spirit, is an enemy of society and of himself; and the laborer who plots the destruction of his employer, by compelling him to pay more than he can afford, is a conspirator against humanity, and a tyrant at heart.

The solution of this, as of all other social troubles, will be found in some practical application of the Golden Rule, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." There have been some notable experiments in this direction which have borne good fruit, and which, when they failed of complete and permanent success, did so in a way which proved the soundness of the rule. One example that may be referred to, is that of the Messrs. Briggs and their laborers in the Whitwood Collieries, Normanton, Yorkshire, England, of which Mr. Sedley Taylor has given an account.

The Messrs. Briggs, it seems, made the colliers partners in the business, under an agreement that one-half the profits of the business, over and above ten per cent. allowed to capital, should be divided among them *pro rata*, according to the amount of their earnings respectively. In eight years, from 1867 to 1874, inclusive, the colliers received, in addition to their wages, about \$190,000. The effect of this distribution was seen not only in the friendly relations between employers and employed, but in the greater care taken by the latter that the profits of the business should not be lessened in any way by their carelessness or wastefulness. Everything moved like clockwork during all these years. But then came hard times, prices went down, and the parties, seeking a new adjustment of their relations, could not agree. The mine-owners insisted upon a reduction of wages, but were not willing to relinquish what the laborers thought a fair proportion of the profits of capital. The Whitwood collieries were surrounded by others, worked upon the old system, and the atmosphere became impregnated with the trades-union spirit. Some of the Whitwood proprietors grew impatient, and a general strike ensued, in which the Whitwood laborers joined. But it is perfectly plain to see that, if a proper spirit had prevailed on both sides, and the surrounding circumstances had been only a little less unfavorable, the experiment might have been successful even unto this day.

We are confident that the solution of what is known as the labor problem in this country will be found in the adoption of some plan by which laborers will be sharers in the profits, and to a certain extent also in the losses, of capital.

NEW STATUES IN OUR PARKS.

THE signs are that public sentiment has at last been aroused in regard to the artistic qualities of the statues in the parks of the principal cities of the Union, and while there is as yet little ground for the hope that the many wretched and unsightly monuments which disfigure them may be removed or replaced by others of a high standard, we may feel confident that the new ones projected will further adorn and not detract from the beauty of their surroundings. The chief purpose of the new National Society of Arts, lately organized in this city, and which is to have branches in all the larger cities, is to watch carefully, and oppose vigorously, the erection in the parks of any new statues which do not meet certain artistic requirements. The statue of "Bolivar," unveiled in Central Park last year, and the Poe Memorial, lately dedicated in the Metropolitan Museum, both of which were projected before the formation of the Society, are, it is almost certain, the last of their line, and a new era began on Saturday last, when J. Q. A. Ward's statue of "The Pilgrim" was, under the auspices of the New England Society, unveiled in Central Park. Mr. Ward has well portrayed the early Puritan; his work, both in conception and execution, is masterly, and will add greatly to his fame. Its evident inspiration was Longfellow's word-picture of Miles Standish, the "Puritan Captain," and the model, as depicted in the well-known poem, has been closely followed, save that the figure is that of a man of large stature, while the redoubtable Standish was somewhat diminutive. The Pilgrim stands in the attitude of expectancy, poised on the left foot and leaning upon his gun. His costume is the leather doublet, wide-brimmed and pointed hat, top-boots and knee-breeches of his time. To the belt around his waist is attached his powder-horn. The expression of face and form is spirited and life-like, while the rendering of the details of the costume is most careful and praiseworthy. The statue is an honor to the Society, the city and the sculptor, and will do much toward aiding the new Society of Arts in its crusade against any further disfigurement of our parks by inartistic, weak and ugly creations.

A SOUND SILVER POLICY TRIUMPHING.

SHORTLY before the end of the last session of Congress, President-elect Cleveland, with a single eye to the public good and to prevent an impending calamity to business and trade, made public a letter taking ground in favor of the stoppage of the further coinage of silver. This letter gave great offense to the silverites, and General A. J. Warner, of Ohio, a gentleman who seems sane on all subjects except silver, wrote a prodigiously long reply, going over the whole silver controversy, which precious document he had signed by all the inflationists in Congress, as a formal protest against the "interference" of the incoming Executive. The President's letter, which was properly confined to the discussion of the one impending phase of the silver question, did not then have the desired effect. The excessive coinage of short-weight dollars was not stopped, but is still going on. The silver idolaters were unmoved by arguments, and undisturbed by the continuing depreciation of their eighty-five-cent dollars. As no proper or enlightened legislation was possible, there seemed to be nothing to do but to await the slow but certain action of public opinion. Experience teaches a dear school, but the foolish will learn in no other. The weight of reason and the preponderance of arguments, based on occurring facts, have at length won the day.

The best evidence of this is, that the Commercial Convention at Atlanta, composed chiefly of delegates from

the States from which the silver-inflation votes in Congress came, resolved in favor of the putting an end to the continued manufacture of depreciated silver dollars. The business and commercial men even of the South and West, it appears, have had enough of the dollars which never pass and of the coin which it is dangerous to touch. A similar change in sentiment has been going on in Europe. Two members of the Monetary Union have given signs of a desire to withdraw from a league which binds them to a policy that is felt to be no longer wise.

One side of the silver problem may, therefore, be said to be solved. When Congress meets, the coinage of virtually clipped dollars will be stopped. Even the silver men admit that the nearer approximation in value of the gold dollar and the silver dollar would be a good thing. Continued coinage, of course, makes the gap wider and wider. End the multiplication of useless dollars, and the approach towards the gold dollar in value begins.

A broader phase of the problem is before the country for solution: How can the silver dollar be kept on a par with gold when it gets there? Of course, to speak of a double standard is a contradiction in terms. There can be but one standard in anything. Gold, being the least variable and least bulky measure of values, is obviously the best. It is convenient, portable, durable, and found in the earth in just sufficient quantities to render it the best known medium or instrument of exchange. The unit or standard of value must, therefore, be the gold dollar for all time to come. But silver cannot well be dispensed with as currency and as subsidiary coinage. It is a daily necessity for making change. If the dollar and two-dollar paper bills are withdrawn from circulation, as Secretary McCulloch recommended, the general use of silver dollars would, of course, become indispensable. The use of silver in large transactions would be inconvenient because of its weight and bulk. But whether its use in trade and commerce is limited or large, the dollar must always be worth a hundred cents. No fractional part of this sum will serve as a substitute for the whole.

We here offer, as a suggestion to elicit discussion, one way in which the silver dollar may be made and substantially kept equal to the gold dollar. Let the Director of the Mint include in his official report of the actual values of foreign coin, made to the Secretary of the Treasury on January 1st of each year, the scientific estimate of the number of grains the silver dollar should contain in order to be equal to gold. Let, then, all the silver dollars coined during that year contain the exact amount of silver that would render them equivalent to gold dollars. There are objections to this, as to all plans, but we think they can be met. Will some one present a better plan?

CLUBS FOR LADIES.

THE recent announcement, that several of New York's most prominent society women have organized a club for ladies exclusively, was received with decided incredulity by the public. Women have been considered for so many years past as the inveterate foes of clubs and club-life, and have inveighed so strongly against these institutions, as the enemies of the fireside and the destroyers of domestic happiness, that it is not to be wondered at that so bold and seemingly novel a step should have been looked upon as a newspaper joke, worthy only of a moment's attention and laughter.

The New York Ladies' Club is, however, a fact—is almost in working order, and by next Autumn will have a club-house in full operation. The ladies who started it are not likely to be easily discouraged, and the objections made by their husbands, brothers, and other male relatives have seemingly only spurred them on to greater exertions. It will doubtless surprise them and the public equally, however, to learn that ladies' clubs are not a novelty, and that in the time of the Cæsars there was a regularly organized club of dignified matrons in Rome, who met to discuss grave questions of etiquette, and who were known as the "Minor Senate." Were it possible for the New York ladies to procure a copy of the Constitution and By-laws of this ancient Roman club, it would doubtless give them many valuable hints for their present organization. They might learn what position Calphurnia held, and whether she was impelled to join a Ladies' Club in self-defense because Cæsar would spend all his evenings at the Union Club of Rome in those days, and whether Messalina was expelled or suspended for disorderly conduct. There was one regulation of the Ladies' Club of Rome which, we fear, would scarcely be possible to maintain in this nineteenth century and this land, where the younger members of society play the most prominent parts. Dignified matrons only were admitted. No laughing girls, whose views on "grave questions of etiquette" were not thought worthy of attention, were invited to become members, and we sadly fear the decorum of that austere body must in time have become oppressive even to its own members.

Ladies' clubs may, seriously speaking, be of influence in the community if properly conducted, and counteract somewhat the tendency to increased dissipation which prevails in the men's social clubs in our larger cities. It is said, liquors will not be allowed in the club under consideration; and if the ladies prove, as they undoubtedly will, that a club-house does not necessarily mean a co-operative drinking and card-playing establishment, they will set an example which will deserve to be imitated by many club members of the opposite sex.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE funeral of Victor Hugo was an apotheosis such as has rarely been accorded to warrior, king or poet in all the history of France. The day (Monday, the 1st instant) was bright with sunshine, and the chestnut-trees were in full bloom. Around the poet's bier, beneath the Arc de Triomphe, the leading spirits of France assembled, and the great orators spoke in a lofty and eloquent strain. The sound of revolutionary and patriotic songs, sung by bands of men gathered at a distance, blended faintly with the voices of the orators, but did not interrupt the unity of the eulogies. The vast multitude which filled the streets as the procession started must have numbered a million people. The head of the procession reached the Pantheon before the end had left the Arc de Triomphe. Over a thousand deputations followed the catafalque. The steps of the Pantheon were heaped with wreaths and banners. In this historic edifice, in the presence of Jeanne and Georges Hugo, Mme. Lockroy, and all the celebrities of France, Victor Hugo's remains were borne to the vault in the crypt and laid to rest beside the tomb of Rousseau.

To the profound relief and gratification of the authorities, the secret disappointment of the Royalists, and the fury of a few Communist leaders, the expected riot did not take place. In fact, the entire ceremonial and march passed off quite peacefully. The red flag, the ominous emblem of civil war and anarchy, did not appear in the procession, and a few feeble attempts at disorderly demonstration were quickly suppressed by the Municipal Guards and the police. The anarchists appeared as an insignificant minority, and received no encouragement or sympathy from the crowd. As *La France* says, the apotheosis of Victor Hugo has been at the same time a triumph for liberty. The 1st of June, 1885, will be henceforth one of the grandest dates in French history. "*La journée était une épreuve et l'épreuve a été décisive.*"

The French Chamber of Deputies has finally rejected, by a vote of 322 to 152, the motion to impeach the Ferry Ministry. This result, however, was not brought about without an exceedingly stormy scene, and the "arrangement" of half a dozen duels in consequence of the violent personalities in which the members indulged. Politics are never dull with the French statesman.

Sir Peter Lumsden, who has just returned to London from the East, holds some very decided views as to his Government's back-down in the Afghan matter; and from the widely-reported "interviews" in which he indulged while on his way from Constantinople to Paris, it appears that he is quite willing to let the world know what those views are. Russia, he declares, is merely temporizing in order to complete the railway between Merv and Krasnovodsk before the outbreak of war. Sir Peter expressed himself as unreservedly of the opinion that at an early date, and not in years, but in months, possibly days, fresh complications must arise. On Afghan matters he is of the firm opinion that the desert as a neutral zone was the only basis for frontier arrangement. The next Russian acquisition will assuredly be the watershed of the Murghab Valley. Sir Peter made no secret of his hostility to the Government policy, and plainly intimated that he considered it one of imbecility and disgrace. Such outspoken criticism naturally enraged the members of the Cabinet and their supporters, and the loquacious officer was plainly told that as a Major-general in her Majesty's army he was subject to the order issued last March by the Commander-in-chief, forbidding all army officers to discuss with civilians the relations between England and Russia, or the phases of the Afghan question. Mr. Gladstone, speaking with a weary and perturbed air in the House of Commons last Friday, said that Russia and England had come to an agreement concerning the points of difference between them, which were to be referred to arbitration. He also said that the Governments of the two countries had agreed upon the arbitrator.

Not second to the war question in importance, in the minds of a considerable portion of the British public, is the price of whisky and beer. The budget tax on spirits has been modified, but the maintenance of the extra tax of ninepence per barrel on beer tends to make the Liberal Ministry unpopular with the great body of beer-drinkers. The increase is not sufficient to warrant the addition of a halfpenny per glass to the retail price, and it is not practicable to reduce the size of the millions of glasses and measures now in use. It is generally believed, therefore, that the brewers will adulterate their beer to compensate them for the tax, and that the glory of British beer will soon be a thing of the past.

From Spain comes the ominous news of the outbreak of a cholera epidemic. Valencia is the province specially afflicted; but two or three suspected cases are reported in Madrid, and one in Marseilles. In Valencia, forty-five per cent. of those attacked die of the disease.

Official dispatches received in London from Serinagur now give the number of the killed and wounded by the earthquake there on Sunday and Monday last as follows: Killed, 87; wounded, 100. Unofficial reports, however, are of such an alarming character as to make it more than likely that the earthquake will prove even more disastrous in its effects than the first dispatches stated them to be.

THE *World* speaks of "the strained relations of the Cabinet." What does it mean? The relations of Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet cannot have been strained with any care, for if they had they would be clearer than they are at present.

JUDGE PHELPS, like his predecessor, Mr. Lowell, has captured London by his gifts as an after-dinner speaker, and his felicity in making himself agreeable. He is not a great orator more than Mr. Lowell, but good after-dinner speakers are rare in London, and a little readiness in that function goes as far there as a little wit goes in Congress. Judge Phelps is evidently a pleasant and self-poised gentleman, and he may be congratulated on having "caught hold."

Exo will henceforth have congenial company in Canada, having been joined by Paying-teller Scott, of the Manhattan Company, who takes with him \$160,000. His offense is not extraditable, and it begins to look as if the self-exiled financiers in Quebec might soon start an American colony and appoint a reception committee to welcome recruits. The serious question arises, Can the United States and Canada afford to remain in such relations, that the most dangerous criminals of each may escape to the other and find safe refuge from punishment?

DOUBTLESS undertakers have a right to congratulate each other upon the encouraging condition of their industry, and however serio-comic such a devotional exercise may seem, many no doubt would be willing to concede to the individual undertaker the privilege of thanking Providence for his success in his doleful profession. Few, however, would be willing to concede this right to undertakers in their corporate capacity, as it would be strange, indeed, to have public thanks offered to Heaven that deaths were frequent and coffins at a premium. Still, no less than this was stated to have been done by the Rev. Dr. Newman, at the meeting

of the New York State Undertakers' Association, in this city, last week. To open the session of the Association with prayer was perhaps proper enough, but for a minister to pray for the prosperity of the undertaker's trade was positively heartless, besides being irreverent and in very bad taste indeed. It is a bar-sinister on the escutcheon of the undertaker's profession, that, like the practice of law, it flourishes only at the expense of others—a species of success that it would scarcely be proper to pray for.

CHICAGO is henceforth to play the rôle of the great moral city. Mayor Harrison has lifted up his Ebenezer and informed all the gamblers in town that they have got to go. Some of them who had subscribed \$1,000 apiece to his campaign fund are surprised; but the police have inflexible orders, and the houses are to be shut up. The gamblers express a pathetic hope that the wave of virtue will soon have its reflux movement, but the chief of police declares that, as long as he remains in office, there will be no more gambling in Chicago. So it looks as if the Prairie City were about to lose its reputation.

SECRETARY-OF-STATE BAYARD is rather glib with his tongue. We do not say that he talks too much, but he talks enough. In an oration before the Missouri State University, on the occasion of the unvailing of the marble tablet to Thomas Jefferson, the other day, he called attention to the fact that in 1801 his grandfather, then a representative from the State of Delaware, and a Federalist, cast his vote for Jefferson in preference to Burr, and elected him. Does Mr. Bayard tell the whole story? Was there any equivalent for that vote promised and given? Was a relative of his appointed Collector of the Port of Philadelphia, then the most important one in the country, in consideration of his complaisance in giving his vote to the arch-enemy of his party? There is a tradition—somewhere—but Mr. Bayard no doubt knows it by heart.

ITALIAN Opera has never lost the support of fashion, and undoubtedly its hold upon the popular heart is strong. Nevertheless, it languishes from time to time, and there are seasons when its very life is despaired of. In its most gorgeous temple, the Grand Opera of Paris, during the past year, it has gasped with inanition, and driven the managers, Messrs. Bitt and Gailhard, almost to despair. Probably the French Government will have to increase the yearly subvention to 1,000,000 francs, or there will be no Opera—a catastrophe which the national pride will barely allow to come to pass. In London there has been no Italian Opera at all this Spring. The Royal Covent Garden establishment, having been used as a circus during the Winter, closed its doors altogether at the time when vocal gymnastics should have succeeded ground and lofty tumbling. Suddenly the news comes that our old friend, the redoubtable Colonel Mapleson, has obtained possession of the house, and will open it at once with Madame Patti as *prima donna*. The whole musical world, and an army of sordid creditors, eagerly await the result of the campaign.

THE G. O. M., Gladstone, is reaping a harvest of gratitude and eulogy for his incomparable services as peacemaker-general in Europe, and he lays his hand upon his heart, bows low, and blushing says: "Come on with your applause; I am the man!" It makes rather a striking cartoon; but if the spectator looks sharp he will see fleecy draperies in the misty background, where stand three ladies who were the real promoters of the peace that has been attained: the Czarina, the Princess of Wales, and the Duchess of Edinburgh. The two former are sisters and Danes; the latter, a daughter of the Emperor himself; and all these have conspired and remonstrated for the past three months to prevent war between Russia and England. It was high time that women should do something in favor of peace, for their voice has too often been for war. Did not Helen incite the Trojan war? Did not Cleopatra directly cause the fatal battle of Philippi? Did not Eugenie, mainly from a spirit of jealousy, launch the French army against the Germans? Did not Madame Pompadour do a similar poor service for Louis XV., because Frederick had spoken disrespectfully of her? But now that the tactics are changed, it is scarcely chivalrous in Gladstone to appropriate the honor that belongs to the royal ladies of Europe.

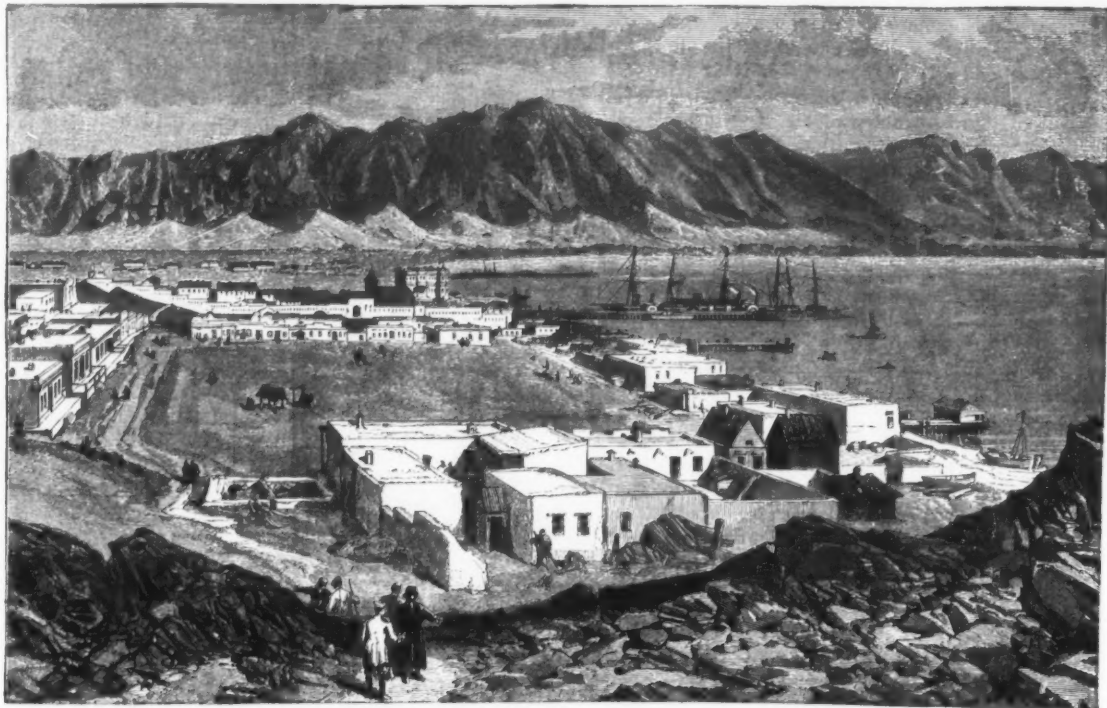
In every enlightened country, except America, the politician is highly honored as a man who is doing his best to lift up the credit of his nation and promote the welfare of the people. Here, if a man become politically famous before he is known in any other department of life, the fact is considered against him, and he is widely regarded as a trickster who is trying to serve his own ends at the expense of the country. This was the relation of Stephen B. Elkins to the public, one of the active men of the Republican National Committee in the last campaign; but now he has delivered an oration, on the industrial problem, before the State University of Missouri, that will attract to him wide attention as a thoughtful and studious publicist and philosopher. He urges as the solution of the labor problem the adoption of these remedies: Arbitration and conciliation, and co-operation and profit-sharing. The proposal is not new; but Mr. Elkins goes further than his predecessors in showing the method by which the dream of profit-sharing may be realized. He analyzes the present relations that exist between employer and employed, and to each addresses words of wisdom from which they would be wise to profit. The address shows in a striking way how vastly the public misjudged Mr. Elkins when it set him down as a mere professional politician, with neither education nor character.

THE question of social precedence at Washington is still agitating feminine circles throughout the country, and the subject has lately received renewed interest from the report that Mrs. Hendricks, the wife of the Vice-president, intends to contest her claim to precedence over Mrs. Carlisle, the wife of the Speaker of the House. It is not a very weighty matter, perhaps, but points of etiquette of comparatively minor importance have before this done their part towards the ultimate ruin of empires and the destruction of states. It has finally been generally decided that the first lady of the land is she who presides over the White House, and none now disputes Miss Cleveland's title to that position; but, as said above, the second lady's title is not yet as clearly read. It would seem as if the matter might be easily settled by according to each lady the respective position that her husband possesses or assumes upon those occasions when the chief officers of the Government are assembled. The Vice-president, or in his absence the President of the Senate, follows the President; then comes the Speaker of the House, and following him the members of the Cabinet, headed by the Secretary of State. Were the wives and daughters of these officers to adopt the same custom, there would soon be an end of this now mooted question. Mrs. Hendricks should follow Miss Cleveland; Mrs. Carlisle, Mrs. Hendricks; and Mrs. Bayard, or her daughters, Mrs. Carlisle. The social war is a merry one now, but, if persisted in, it may lead to more serious consequences than those who profess to disdain woman's influence in politics may imagine.

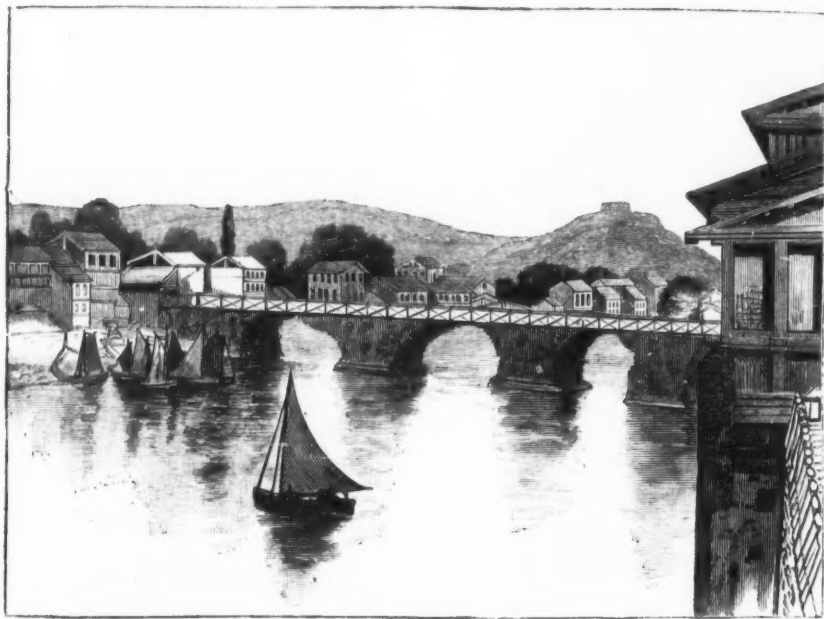
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 271.



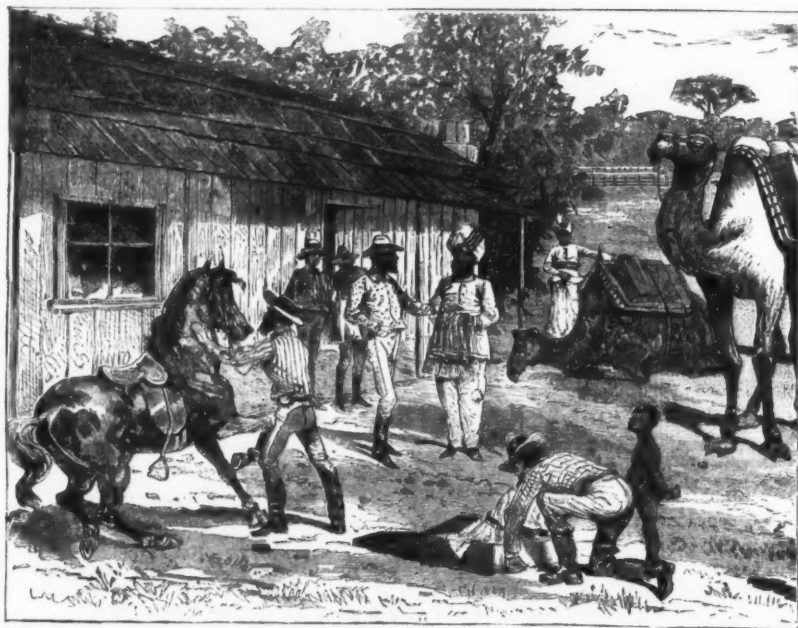
ENGLAND.—THE LATE F. J. FERGUS ("HUGH CONWAY"),
AUTHOR OF "CALLED BACK."



ASIA.—KRASNOVODSK, RUSSIAN POSITION ON THE CASPIAN SEA.



INDIA.—SERINAGUR, IN THE VALE OF CASHMERE—SCENE OF
THE RECENT EARTHQUAKE.



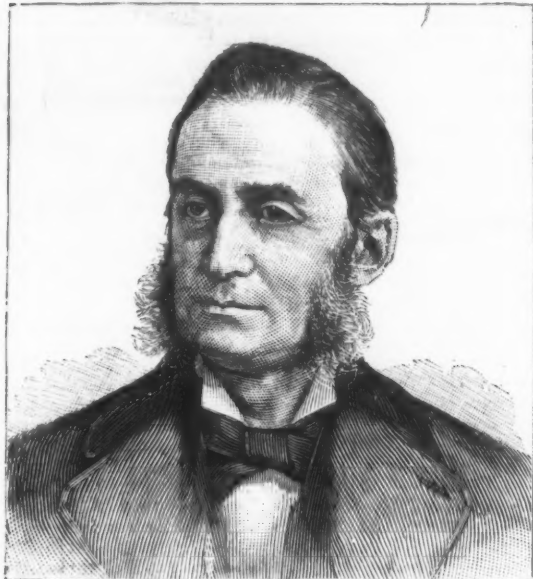
AUSTRALIA.—AFGHAN HAWKERS BARTERING WITH STOCKMEN.



FRANCE.—REDUCED COPY OF BARTHOLDI'S STATUE OF "LIBERTY," PRESENTED
TO THE CITY OF PARIS BY THE AMERICAN RESIDENTS.



AFGHAN FRONTIER.—CIRCASSIAN SOLDIERS OF THE RUSSIAN ARMY.



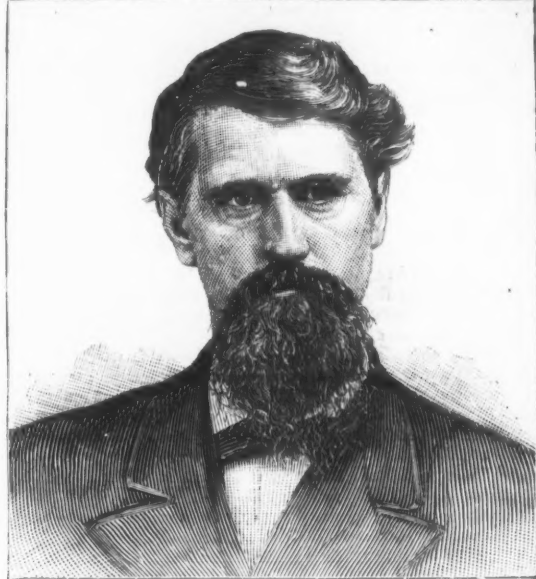
RHODE ISLAND.—HON. JONATHAN CHACE,
U. S. SENATOR.

HON. JONATHAN CHACE.

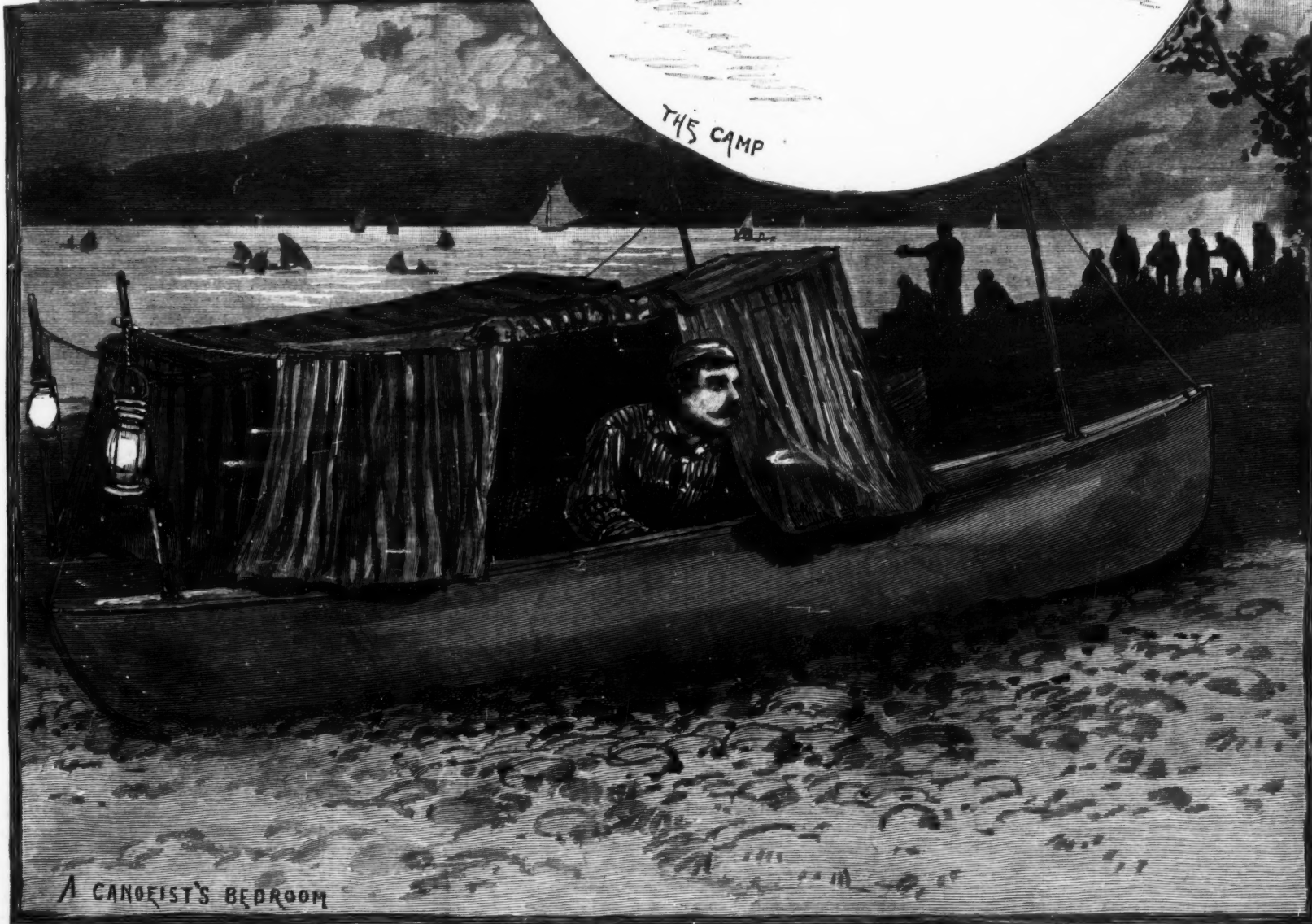
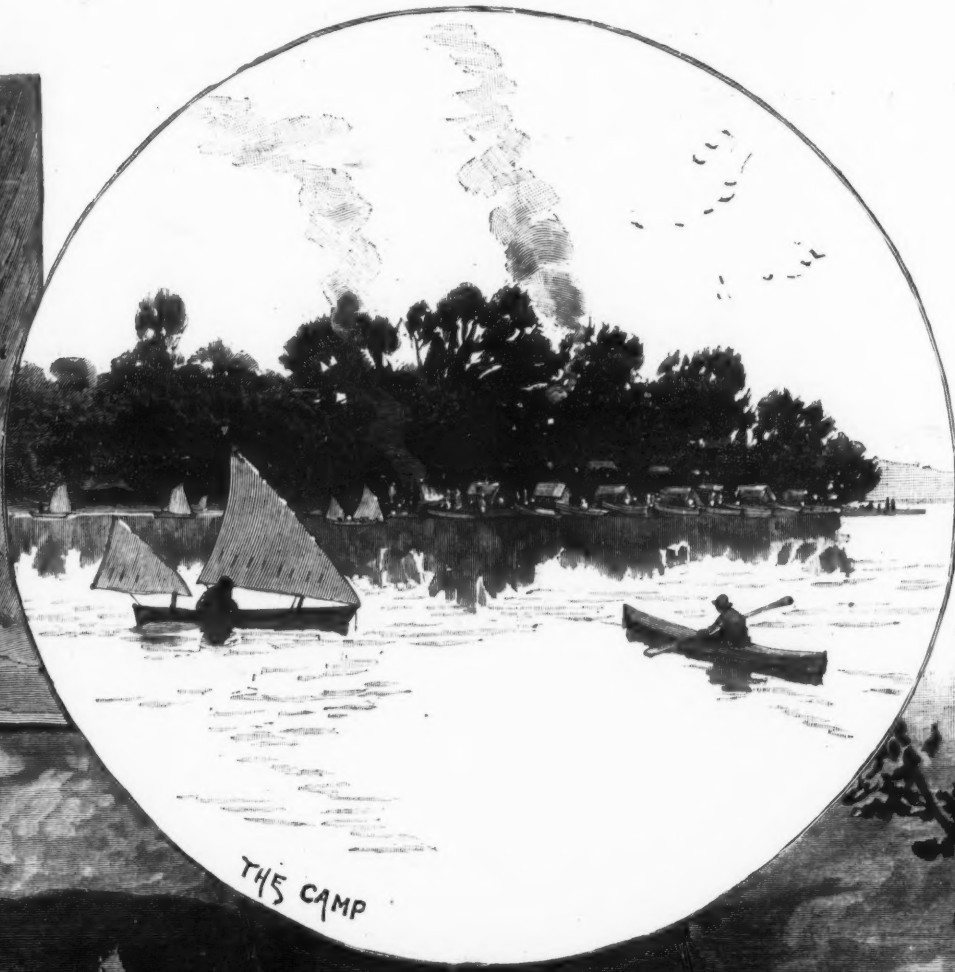
U. S. SENATOR FROM RHODE ISLAND.

THE Hon. Jonathan Chace, who succeeds the late Henry B. Anthony in the United States Senate, is a native of the Bay State, having been born in Fall River, July 23d, 1829. He is a direct descendant of William Chace, in the seventh remove, who emigrated from England to America, and settled in Roxbury, Mass., in 1630. Chace was the old way of spelling the family name, but from some cause or fancy it was changed to Chace. William Chace was the ancestor of the numerous and highly respected family of Chaces of the religious sect then designated as "Quakers," but now known in the New England States as the Society of Friends. The father of the present Senator, Harvey Chace, has been for many years largely engaged in the manufacture of cotton, and he trained his two sons, J. H. and J. Chace, from their youth up, in that business. The family now own the Albion Mills and the Modus Mills, and the sons, as treasurers, manage the finances of the same. They reside at Providence, R. I.

Jonathan Chace received an academic education at the New England Yearly Meeting Boarding School, of Providence. He was elected to the Rhode Island Senate in 1876, and was re-elected to the same body in 1877. In 1880 he was elected a Representative from Rhode Island to the Forty-seventh Congress, and in 1882 re-elected to the Forty-eighth Congress. Last January the Rhode Island Legislature, after a sharp contest, elected Mr. Chace United States Senator. He was sworn in, January 26th, and his term of office will expire March 3d, 1889. Senator Chace is a tall, spare-built man; his hair is slightly tinged with "silver threads," he has brilliant brown eyes, and sports "Dundreary" whiskers.



ARKANSAS.—HON. JAMES H. BERRY, U. S. SENATOR.
SEE PAGE 271.



NEW YORK.—CAMP OF THE HUDSON RIVER CANOEING ASSOCIATION, AT PLUM POINT.
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 271.

He has the pleasantest and most benevolent-looking face of all the United States Senators, and withal is brimful of good-humor and kindly feeling. At the age of fifty-six he is still quite a handsome gentleman, and would readily pass for forty-six among those who do not know his birthday. He is a very methodical business man, and, as a matter of course, stands high in the Meeting House and Society.

A WEIRD SISTER.

IT was a quaint, irregular street that rambled down the side of the hill, and refreshed itself all along its straggling way with a distant vista of blue river and smoky hills.

The house was built of small, dark-colored bricks, and its narrow door, and high, small-paned windows gave it an air of severe withdrawal. It was rigidly plain, except where, at a corner of the top story, a queer, little eyrie of a bay-window jutted out—actually an ornate, almost a florid, bay-window; it was as if a reckless friskiness had suddenly cropped out of a nature long repressed in Puritanical severity. Judith had clapped her hands with delight at it on that first morning, when, fresh from Greenfield pastures, they surveyed, with eager eyes, the inheritance that their great-uncle, Jude Berkeley, had left them.

"Uncle Jude had a spice of humanity about him, after all; that jocular, little bay-window shows it, and you know we heard he always wore ruffled shirt-fronts," said Judith.

"I don't think I like it; it is jarringly incongruous," said Irene.

She declared, too, that the lodger, whom they met going out, was jarringly incongruous. He certainly had a very modern, brisk and jaunty air; his appearance was generally suggestive of good dinners and a mind at ease. He was Dr. Theron Davis, whose sign appeared on the door; by the terms of Uncle Jude's bequest to his grand-nieces, he was to remain in the house as long as he chose, he having, during his ten years residence there, three times saved the life of the testator ("when there was probably nothing whatever the matter with him," Judith had said, disrespectfully). Irene thought the lodger very annoying, being so modern and commonplace. Judith had doubts about him on the score of propriety. Sabra, who had been their nurse, housekeeper, friend, protector—special Providence, in short—since their orphan childhood, according to Greenfield conventionalities, would have been a sufficient preserver of propriety anywhere; but Boston conventionalities were an unknown quantity to Judith. Sabra, transported to Hinckley Street, already seemed out of her element, and was suffering a decline of spirits, a state which she was wont to describe as "feelin' kind o' draggled."

Judith was ruddy, robust and thirty, with cheerful views of life; for her own sake, she cared little whether society smiled or frowned, especially the only society likely to trouble itself at all about Uncle Jude's grand-nieces; but even that would be better for Irene than no society at all; better, far better, than the society she had been having of late! Judith shivered as she thought of that, and it happened to be just as she was crossing the threshold of the old house, and Sabra said it was a bad sign.

Inside the house were ancient and faded tapestry carpets, and damask hangings, and high black marble mantelpieces, with a cherub hideously carved at each corner, making them look "uncommonly like ancient tombstones," Judith said.

Sabra, on her knees, could discover no traces of moths, and being possessed of the divine rage of battle against marauders of that kind, was secretly dissatisfied.

"Sabra, it is ghostly!" said Judith. "I could almost fancy I saw them here myself! I am afraid the place will have a bad effect upon Irene."

"Them that's bound to see ghosts will see 'em anywhere," said Sabra, philosophically. "But this house does seem uncommon favorable."

"Oh, here's a cat! a good, canny, Christian cat!" cried Judith, as a comfortable tabby put her head in at the door, and after a few preliminary sniffs made social advances. After confederating to receive Judith's petting for a few minutes, she retired, and shortly returned with a squirming and squealing furry ball in her mouth. In a brief space of time, three furry balls were engaged in wildest antics all over the solemn and antiquated apartment.

"Uncle Jude's housekeeper left yesterday; the cat must be hungry," said Judith, and went singing off to make a raid upon the catables that Sabra had provided, her spirits quite restored. "Ghosts and kittens couldn't live together," she declared.

Then she wondered where Irene was prowling, and called her in a fresh voice that echoed oddly through the old house.

Irene came gliding down the stairs—a tall, slender shape, her red-gold hair seeming to light up the dusky hall. Judith realized, with a pang, how frail she looked, how dark were the circles under her blue eyes!

"It is the charmingest place—a studio—the bay-window room!" she exclaimed. "And, oh, Judith! I've thought whom it was made for. Uncle Jude's stepson, the young Frenchman, was an artist, you know; they said he would have been famous if he had lived. I think his studio will be a real inspiration to me!"

"I hope it will, dear," said Judith, eagerly, her main dependence for the exercising of ghosts being upon Irene's work. But, upon a second thought, she tried to discourage the idea that the studio had belonged to the young French artist; it would not be long before Irene would be making the acquaintance of his ghost!

But there were unmistakable signs that the

artist had left his studio expecting to return to it; there was a large canvas, with a picture scarcely begun, upon an easel; hasty sketches and studies fastened upon the wall, and scattered carelessly about, all yellow and time-stained, and covered with dust; there was even a palette, with the colors dried upon it, and brushes just as the artist had laid them down.

"If Uncle Jude had as good a housekeeper as we have heard, it is very strange that she should have left the room in this condition," said practical Judith.

"Oh, Judith, it would have been sacrilege to disturb it! I feel as if it would be so for me now, only that if I am such a wonderful medium—I know it's a dreadful word, but there doesn't seem to be any other—if I have the strange power that I seem to have, he might be able to finish his work through me! To think, Judith, of being of real use as a link between the two worlds!" The girl's face shone ecstatically.

Judith chased away the look of distress that had come upon her own face, and laughed.

"Middle, Irene Berkeley—the most Wonderful Spiritual Medium of the Age—Reliable Link between the Visible and the Invisible. Particular attention of spirits called to the fact that they may complete, through her, any work left undone by them in the world." Fancy, Irene, what a clientele you would have!"

"It is easy to laugh, but you can't prove it impossible, or explain the strange things that have happened to me," said Irene.

"Or prove that the moon isn't made of green cheese, although I may entertain decided opinions on the subject! Come, come, Irene, that's a most engaging and home-like old cat down-stairs, and three kittens, just the fuzzy whirlwinds that you love—a specific for morbid fancies; and, oh, Irene, shops full of pretty things, concerts, picture-galleries, theatres, opera! Inexpensive feasts for Greenfield starvelings. If you only would let that 'stuff that dreams are made of' alone, we might have such a good time!"

"A good time isn't the great end of life," said Irene, reproachfully.

"But it's a great help going along!" retorted Judith, and sought Sabra to pour into her sympathetic ears her new alarms.

"What's bred in the bone will come out in the flesh," said Sabra, with mournful head-shakings.

"There was your Aunt Graves, with her dreams and her presentiments. Don't I remember, as if 'twas yesterday, the day of the battle of Bull Run; she got up in the morning with one of her presentiments, and at the dinner-table she fetched a screech and fainted dead away, because she saw your cousin Horace layin' dead on the field of battle. And it turned out that he was wounded, so't they gave him up for dead, just at that time. Account for it the minister owned he couldn't, so it wasn't becoming in me to try. And dream! why I've known her to dream out a week before-hand just what was going to happen! Well, Miss Irene is the very moral of her, and I was always surprised that she never took to dreaming. When they began to have those 'investigations' at Professor Sedley's, and some of 'em could tip tables and some could get up knockings, thinks I, Miss Irene will take to that as a duck takes to water, and when I heard about that table rising up and following her, I wasn't a mite surprised. So long as she hasn't got up knockings, I feel cause to be thankful, for—I say it reverently—I'd rather see the Old Harry, horns and hoofs and all, than to hear knockings!"

"They wouldn't be so bad to me as those death-like trances!" said Judith.

"The 'communications' haven't amounted to much," said Sabra, reflectively. "It don't stand to reason, to my mind, that your Aunt Miranda would have nothing better to tell us than that 'Lias Pitkin, that we sold the pine-timber lot to, was a rascal. I knew that before she was born. Folks haven't generally been obliged to go to the other world to find out what 'Lias Pitkin was. Nor it isn't likely that Parson Lytch, the godliest and solemnest minister that ever was in Greenfield, would come back to say that he was just as fond of apple-dumplings as ever he was in his life! But about your grandmother saying that her green satin pelisse and topaz buckle, that we'd hunted so for, was stowed away in the false bottom of that old cedar chest, and our finding it there—that was queer! There is a man that has written a book to show that all these things are the works of the devil, and I'd like to shake hands with him!"

"Shake hands with the — Oh, Sabra!"

"With the author, I mean, of course. But, though I won't brought up to make light of sacred things, I will say that it seems to me shaking hands with the Old One himself is what we're comin' to if Miss Irene keeps on!"

"And she's growing pale and thin, and she starts and trembles at every slight noise; and, oh, Sabra! I have an awful presentiment, and I wish Uncle Jude had left his dreadful old house, as he did his money, to the Maplebury Place Church!"

"You can't have 'em—presentiments," said Sabra, with confidence. "Folks with flesh and color ain't never subject to 'em. I wonder now why that is? Mebbe Dr. Charon would know."

"Who?" asked Judith.

"The doctor that your Uncle Jude thought so much of. Ain't that his name? Well, mebbe I did get him mixed up with a fellow that your cousin Horace used to read to me about when he was a schoolboy, that ferried folks across a river."

"Of course we shouldn't think of consulting a strange physician like him about anything. It is most annoying to be obliged to have him in the house. We shall have just as little to say to him as possible, Sabra!"

"That won't bother me none," said Sabra; "but I should like to know why presentiments and

such afflictions is so prone to attack pale and skimpy folks!"

This happened on the day of their arrival in Hinckley Street. That same day two old ladies from the other side of the street, who had been friends of Uncle Jude, called upon them. They bewildered Judith and Irene by talking as if they had inherited a dukedom, instead of a shabby old house in a narrow and dingy street, though they lamented that its glories were chiefly of the past.

"But we are here still, and our set remains virtually unbroken, except by death, upon The Hill," said Miss Ann, impressively.

Miss Ann had an astonishingly big and masculine voice, proceeding from a tiny and delicately feminine person. She wore an antiquated false front, and a balloon-like skirt that gave her a striking resemblance to a doll pen-wiper.

"It is the new blood brought in by unfortunate marriages that goes to the made Land," said Miss Cordelia, in a solemn tone, as if she were talking of the angels who fell from their first estate.

Miss Cordelia was the younger, and a certain liveliness of coloring made her look like a copy of her sister done in oils.

"We can't bear to go to the New Land to church," said Miss Ann. "We go to Queen's Chapel, although the doctrines are more lax than those we were brought up to; but, to say the truth, we never were strong on doctrines, Cordelia and I. As I was saying, we couldn't feel to worship God on the made Land. Cordelia has always said, how could she join with the choir in 'His hands prepared the dry land,' when it wasn't true! Your uncle always clung to Maplebury Place Church, although people were afraid that his French wife might lead him away."

"Did you know her son, the artist?" eagerly asked Irene, who had listened somewhat listlessly to the rambling talk until now.

"Poor, dear Emile!" said Miss Ann. "He would have been a famous artist if he had not been called away so early, and his pictures had a charming finish. Nowadays one is expected to admire pictures that look as if the artist had been blindfolded. He had just begun a picture which he expected to send to the Paris salon."

Judith hastened to change the subject, and the conversation wandered to the lodger.

"Oh, my dears, that is so sadly inconvenient and embarrassing for you! Your Uncle Jude, although the best man in the world, had his little weaknesses, and one was his health. He fancied that this person cured him of an alarming disease, although we have heard, on very good authority, that he deceived him with gingerbread pills! We know nothing of him, he came from the South End."

"Oh, quite from the South End!" added Miss Cordelia.

Judith and Irene decided, in private conference, that they were not likely to find the society of Uncle Jude's friends exhilarating, but they yielded to the importunities of Miss Ann and Miss Cordelia, and took to themselves as companion and chaperon an ancient dame, whose chief recommendation was, that she was born upon "The Hill," and was *au fait* in all its traditions.

Miss Brascom's chief mission in life was to frown severely upon Dr. Theron Davis, and she waylaid him in the hall, at his brisk exits and entrances, for that purpose. She received his cheerful "good-morning" to folks with what she considered queenly disdain, and he thought was either stupidity or deafness.

But, lo and behold! Miss Brascom became suddenly, in the dead of the night, a prey to an excruciating cramp, and aroused the household by her screams. Dr. Theron Davis was summoned in haste to her bedside, and being overcome by the force of circumstances, Miss Brascom descended to be relieved by Dr. Theron Davis's skill. So, in spite of her mission, she was the means of bringing about an acquaintance between Uncle Jude's nieces and the commonplace doctor. His manners were certainly brusque and "off-hand"; they would not have been approved in the best society of Greenfield any more than by "The Hill," but he seemed to carry a wholesome cheer about with him that raised Judith's spirits, and it was not long before she was constrained to do what she had assured Sabra she should not do, to consult him about Irene. Irene, who moved about as if in a dream, who spent almost all her time in the studio, and had been found there by Judith in one of those terrible, death-like trances, talking rapidly and almost incoherently in a voice wholly unlike her own, about "art in other than earth spheres."

Dr. Theron Davis knitted his brows at the trances, Judith did not tell him of Irene's absorbing hope, that the dead artist could use her as a medium for finishing his great picture—that seemed to her too like insanity to reveal.

"Involuntary cerebral action," he said, with his customary briskness. "Do I understand it? No—nobody does. Spirits! Don't know anything about them. My business is with bodies, and I've never yet met with any phenomena that were not more or less referable to them."

"I am afraid Irene would not listen to you, she would think you sacrilegious."

"Fresh air, iron, quinine—those are what she needs," said the doctor, and took himself off, abruptly.

It was that same day that Judith, going into the studio at dusk, found Irene there with the rapt look on her face that always prece'd the trances. Judith tried, with piteous appeals, to arouse her, but she answered her in the strange voice that always made Judith shiver, and waved her off, with a lofty gesture. Suddenly she arose and went to the easel, where the unfinished picture stood. The dusk was deepening, and there was scarcely light enough in the studio to distinguish colors. But Irene seized a palette—not her own, but the long disused one that the artist had left—she mixed some colors upon it, deftly; she seemed to

see! Trembling, Judith watched her, breathlessly. She wiped the dust from the canvas of the unfinished picture, and began to paint, swiftly and steadily, pausing now and then, to retouch, with a critical gaze, apparently wholly unconscious of the absence of light.

Minutes—hours passed; Judith could scarcely guess how many. Irene painted on, tirelessly; some straggling moonbeams fell upon the easel and upon her white face. In the midst of her anxiety for Irene, Judith felt an intense curiosity to see the result upon the canvas. Was it possible that the artist had come back, with the old cunning—nay, perhaps with a new and marvelous cunning—in his brush?

The whole creation pulsed with mystery, why might not even this thing be?

Nine o'clock rang out from the church spires, the Puritan bell in Maplebury Place, that had rung in the times when witches were hung—well it was for them that those times were past! thought Judith—the far-away chimes of Christ Church, the mellowed bell from the Old Corner, and the harmonious peals from the New Land.

Would the sound arouse Irene? She seemed wholly unconscious. How long was it to last? Judith longed to awaken her, yet feared both to break the spell and to cause a shock that would kill her.

Another hour, and then came a sudden knocking at the door. It was thrown open, and a flood of light streamed in, and Miss Brascom's voice called:

"Are you here? We have been searching and calling!"

"Irene dropped her palette and brush, and uttered a cry, 'Oh, Judith, where am I?' and fell to the floor insensible."

Dr. Theron Davis, who was coming up the stairs, took her up and carried her to her room. She recovered her consciousness soon, but was quiet and silent, holding Judith's hand.

Judith slipped out of the room with the doctor, and told him what had happened—told it in a tone of awe and wonder, for the scene had impressed her.

Dr. Theron Davis's lip curled with a fine scorn. "But there are more things in heaven and earth—" quoted Judith.

"And a great many more in hysteria!" said the doctor, curtly, and went his way.

"He is heartless, and soulless," said Judith to herself. But he returned soon with a little vial of colorless liquid—Miss Brascom suspected it was homeopathic—to be given to Irene to quiet her nerves and make her sleep.

He came to the door again, an hour afterwards, when Irene was sleeping quietly, and Judith watching her, and this time he showed a gentleness and solicitude that made him seem, as Judith afterwards said, "quite human."

Judith fell asleep in her chair, and awoke, with a start, to find a gray dawn creeping in at the window, and Irene's eyes fixed upon her face.

"I couldn't bear to wake you; but, oh, Judith, tell me what happened in the studio last night?" said Irene, eagerly. "I feel as if I had been dreaming very strange things."

"You painted," said Judith, reluctantly.

"Oh, that picture! Oh, Judith, have I been able to do it at last?" Her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes sparkling. "I must see it—now, at once!"

Judith felt that it was useless to try to detain her. She was herself devoured with curiosity to see the canvas as soon as her anxiety for Irene had abated, but had felt a nervous shrinking from it as well.

Irene slipped into a dressing-gown, and together they went to the studio. It was that earliest hour of dawn which is fuller of brooding mystery than night.

Irene paused, with her hand on the door, her face aglow with expectation.

"Judith, it cannot be quite like what one would paint who had not been beyond—it may be a celestial vision!"

She opened the door. A wan ray of light pointed, like a ghostly finger, at the canvas on the easel—completely covered with meaningless daubs of paint!

Judith half led, half carried Irene, cold and trembling, back to her room. She bore it more quietly, on the whole, than Judith had expected, and Judith's heart began to grow light. "She must believe now that she was deluding herself. Who knows but we may live in a canny, cheerful, wholesome world again?" she whispered to Sabra.

But that afternoon, as she lay on a sofa, Irene said, suddenly, with the old eagerness:

"If I could yield myself *wholly* to the influence, I think I could do it, Judith! I am so eager, and my brain is so active, that my personality interferes! Sometimes I think I must give it up lest it should kill me, but then I remember what a wonderful thing it would be to succeed—and how disappointed he must be!"

Judith fairly groaned—the spell was upon her still!

Dr. Theron Davis came in, ruddy and bustling with the smell of the frosty air, to see his patient.

"Whom have you been disappointing now?" he said, in his brusque way.

"You would not understand. You would think me ridiculous," said Irene, flushing sensitively. "It is the artist who has left his picture unfinished in the studio."

"That rascally photographer? What have you to do with him?" demanded the doctor. "Your Uncle Jude's stepson? Why, he had a studio down-town; he never painted here; he never lived here at all! The fellow who had that studio was a protégé of your Uncle Jude; he had a weakness for protégés; sometimes they were harmless, sometimes not. He thought this fellow had great talent as an artist, but I think the only talent he ever developed was for swindling. He left here with the officers at his heels; but he has come

back to the city and set up as a photographer on an obscure street. I came across his sign the other day. Your uncle had built that bay-window on purpose for him, and spent a great deal of money on him; he was so disgusted that he shut up the room, and declared he would never befriend struggling genius again; and he altered his will, in which he had made bequests to several art associations."

The next day the studio was swept and garished. Irene began to take Dr. Theron Davis's prescriptions, fresh air and exercise, and tonics, with the result that her flesh and color waxed, and her ambition to be "a link between the two worlds" waned. Sabra says she "is getting to be of the kind that ghosts don't meddle nor make with."

It is reported, to the disgust of Miss Brascom and the old ladies across the street, that she is going to marry Dr. Theron Davis!

BARTHOLOMI'S COLOSSUS.

M. BARTHOLOMI'S great statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," which has been nearly ten years in process of construction, will arrive in New York Bay, its final destination, about the time this number of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER reaches its readers. Appropriate demonstrations will mark this event of international interest, foreshadowing the joyous occasion when the noble figure shall rise to its full height on Bedloe's, towering over our port, and looking towards the bright land from whence it came to us. The formal presentation of the work to the United States took place on the 4th of July, of last year. The well-remembered speeches and ceremonial features connected with that event are further recalled by our picture of the scene in front of the workshop of Messrs. Gaget, Gauthier & Co., where the statue was made. A sectional view of the work shows the system of braces which will hold it together, and enable it to resist the force of the winds to which its vast bulk will be exposed; for M. Bartholdi's statue is by far the largest in the world, being three times as high as that of "Bavaria," twice as high as that of St. Charles Borromeo, and several feet higher than the Column Vendôme. It is a vast shell formed of copper plates. A central core of iron-work, embedded in the masonry of the pedestal, will extend through the body and uplifted arm to the torch; and from this core will branch the innumerable braces which are to strengthen every part.

We publish on the same page another portrait of M. Bartholdi, whose career has been sketched but recently in our descriptive columns. M. Bartholdi is an artist of the heroic type. He belongs to that school who make marble express a thought, but whose grand ideas leap forth in bronze.

HON. JAMES H. BERRY,

UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM ARKANSAS.

THE Hon. James H. Berry, successor of Senator Garland in the United States Senate, and now Attorney-general, was born in Jackson County, Ala., May 15th, 1841. In 1848 his parents moved to Arkansas, where he received a common-school education. At the age of twenty-one he entered the Confederate Army as a second-lieutenant, and at the hard-fought battle of Corinth, Miss., October, 1862, he lost a leg. After the war he studied law and was admitted to the bar. In 1866 he was elected to the Arkansas Legislature, and again elected in 1872, and became Speaker of the Arkansas House of Representatives in 1874. He was elected a delegate to the Democratic State Convention in 1876, and became President of that body. In 1878 he was elected Judge of the Circuit Court.

In 1882 Judge Berry had the rare compliment paid him of being nominated for Governor by acclamation in the State Democratic Convention, and was elected by 38,000 majority. He declined to be a candidate for re-election. On the 20th of March, 1885, he was elected to the United States Senate, and took his seat in the called executive session of the Senate the last of March. His term in that dignified body will expire March 8d, 1889.

THE CANOEISTS AT PLUM POINT.

THE group of sketches, on page 269, represent an artist's reminiscences of the annual Spring meet and encampment of the Hudson River Canoeing Association, at Plum Point, between Cornwall and Newburg, on the 28th, 29th and 30th of last month. Twelve organizations, from New York, Brooklyn, Sing Sing, Newburg, Rondout and Albany, were present, besides many independent canoeists, and some very interesting races were paddled and sailed. The bright waters of Newburg Bay, guarded by old Storm King's stony height, were sprinkled with tiny craft; while on the shore, under what were once the earthworks of Fort Meehan, half a hundred tents were pitched, and the blue smoke of the camp-fires rose in cheerful curls. It was a charming sight, even on a rainy day—and Jupiter Pluvius did overdo the cloud-spilling just a trifle, the canoeists thought. At times, outdoor cooking lost much of its charm; and the canoe, thoroughly watertight below, but not impervious to moisture pelted from above, was not all that could be desired for sleeping purposes. Still, the clubs enjoyed a thoroughly good time, and the camp-fire tales lost none of their zest.

The races attracted crowds of spectators. The first sailing race was won by Mr. Gibson, of Albany, in the *Snake*. Mr. C. B. Vaux, of New York, who in his canoe, *Dot*, has won more races, probably, than any other American canoeist, failed to keep up his record in his new model, the *Sea Bee*, and came in third. The three-mile sailing race was won by George Edgar, of Newburg, in the *Dido*. On the third day, the half-mile paddling race was won by G. O. Totten, of Newark, N. J., in the *Daisy*; and the mile paddling race by F. B. Smith, of Newburg, in the *Pizie*. In the afternoon of the same day, the second three-mile sailing race was won by Mr. Whitlock, of Brooklyn, in the *Guenn*.

AN INDIAN RETREAT IN THE NORTHWEST.

GENERAL STRANGE'S encounter with Big Bear, on the last day of May, and General Middleton's expedition in pursuit of that chief, have aroused renewed interest in the progress of the Indian war in the Northwest. Big Bear is

likely to give General Middleton some trouble before he can be subdued. The Indians are expert skirmishers. They have been making numerous raids of late in the vicinity of Medicine Hat, giving their particular attention to horse-stealing. As a result, many of them are well mounted. They travel in light marching order; and, when surprised, all usually contrive to get away, by riding double on their stolen steeds, and intrusting the lighter luggage to trained dogs, as shown in our picture.

THE FOG-HORN.

THE work of hauling in codfish through the fog on the Banks of Newfoundland has its picturesque features, which through various artistic mediums have long since been made familiar to the world at large. It has also its terrors; and while these latter are frequently alluded to in general terms, they are brought home to us only by such catastrophes as that of the 25th ultimo, when the little French fishing-bark *George-Jeanne* was cut in two by the steamship *City of Rome*, and twenty-two fishermen were drowned.

The fog on the Banks is at times so dense that, as the fishermen are wont to say, a codfish might swim about in it. It not only renders all objects invisible at a distance of a few paces, but it also muffles and deadens sound. Hence, the constant danger of collisions with other craft, and with icebergs. Every fishing-bark is provided with a large bell on deck, and with fog-horns. The bell is rung almost continuously in foggy weather. The great steamships have steam fog-horns, which give forth a sound like the buzzing of a gigantic bumble-bee. In response to this hoarse drone, the fishermen clang their bells, and expend the full force of their lungs in blowing long tin horns shaped like the traditional trumpet of Fame. Despite these precautions, the black iron prow of a steamer will sometimes emerge close to an ill-fated bark, and, crushing it like an eggshell, leave behind a track of destruction and death. These accidents appear to be well-nigh unavoidable. In the case which we have mentioned, the officers and passengers of the *City of Rome* did all in their power for the survivors, and the company, we believe, made some provision for the bereaved families of the French fishermen who lost their lives.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE AUTHOR OF "CALLED BACK."

The phenomenal popularity of the tale entitled "Called Back" caused universal interest to be felt in its author, Mr. F. J. Fergus, better known by his *nom de plume*, "Hugh Conway." His untimely death at Monaco, on the 15th ult., cut short a brilliant career in the midst of its first fulfillments. He was but thirty-seven years of age. There is something profoundly melancholy in the thought that Mr. Fergus had for so many years worked on patiently and persistently almost unknown, until on a sudden success and popularity came to him, and gave to him not merely money, but the position and reputation which are far dearer to a literary man. His success was startling, but it was not undeserved. He could tell a story to a generation that were very eager to have stories told to them, and were beginning to get a little weary of the purposeless and bloodless pamphlets which had of late been usurping the place of romance. Mr. Fergus was born in Bristol, (Eng.), in the year 1847. Like many adventurous, imaginative boys, he conceived a passion for the sea. Instead of thwarting this inclination, his father wisely decided to give him some experience of nautical existence by placing him on board the school-ship *Conway*, at Liverpool. He pursued his sea-training with considerable good fortune, but afterwards decided to go into business, and eventually became a partner in the principal auctioneering firm in Bristol. He now developed a literary faculty, and, under the "pen-name" of "Hugh Conway," wrote a number of short stories and verses, many of the latter being set to music. In the Winter of 1883 there appeared in *Arrowsmith's Annual* (a local Bristol publication) a story entitled "Called Back." Its weird and Poe-like incidents took the public fancy amazingly. Like Lord Byron, he awoke and found himself famous. The novelette sold by hundreds of thousands. Offers of literary work came in on all sides. That he was a genius, other tales besides "Called Back" and "Dark Days" attest, notably some of those which originally appeared in *Blackwood*, and which were afterwards collected and published in two volumes under the title of "Bound Together." And in "A Family Affair," the serial story now appearing in the *English Illustrated Magazine*, he showed that he could depict character as well as invent incident, and that he possessed a vein of delicate humor as evinced in the creation of the two bachelor brothers. During the past year he had overtaken his powers in endeavoring to fulfill the engagements he had made. Mr. Fergus was popular in his native city, not only as a writer, but as a citizen and a commercial man. The following lines appeared in the *Bristol Mercury*, upon the announcement of his death:

"Fergus ('Hugh Conway') is no more; the news jars on our heart-strings; could he be *Called Back* From that dread bourne—that unreturning track—Ah! where is one so cold he would refuse Right joyous greeting after these *Dark Days*? Genius eclipsed!—all Bristol's sons now share Unmitigated grief, and o'er his bays Sorrow as 'twere *A Family Affair*."

KRASNOVODSK, ON THE CASPIAN SEA.

The schemes of Russia in Central Asia may make Krasnovodsk more celebrated in the future than it is at present. This town is to become the terminus of the new Transcaspian Railway, which is to be carried to Merv, Bokhara and Samarcand in one direction, and to Sarakhs, Herat, Candahar, and in the direction of India, in another. A portion of this line is already made, and working from Michaelovsk to Kizil Arvat, a distance of 144 miles. Michaelovsk is on the Caspian, but the water is so shallow there that nothing but barges, drawing little water, can approach the place. Krasnovodsk is one of the few places on the shores of the Caspian which has deep water close to the shore. Russia has made more than one attempt to establish a port on the eastern coast of the Caspian, but they have all failed, from the shallow water extending far out to sea. Fort Alexandrovsk had the disadvantage of being frozen about four months in the year; and at Chikishliar the water is so shallow that the steamers have to remain a mile from the beach. Krasnovodsk has one great drawback as a town, it has almost no

fresh water; the place has to be supplied by means of condensing the sea-water; luckily, petroleum can be procured very cheaply from Baku, and from the island of Cheleken, and while the supply of fuel lasts it is no difficult task to provide the distilled water. The Bay of Krasnovodsk is so large and well protected that it is undoubtedly a splendid harbor. Krasnovodsk was only begun in the year 1870, from which it will be understood that it is still a very young town. Its history is still in the future; but probabilities point to its name becoming prominent as the policy of Russia develops itself in Central Asia. If war should take place, as the base of supplies, its military importance will be great. In peace it will be the starting-point from which Russian commerce will penetrate into Central Asia, Persia, Afghanistan, and even to India. As large portions of Turkestan will now be changed from a desert to a cultivated condition, Krasnovodsk will become the principal outlet for the productions of that part of the world. As Batoum, with its railway to Baku, on the Caspian, is superseding the older port of Trebizond, so this young naval station will soon take away the commercial influence of Astrabad and Resht, which have long enjoyed the privilege of being the gateways of trade into Persia and the Far East.

SERINAGUR, IN THE VALE OF CASHMERE.

Serinagur, the capital of the district of the same name in the Vale of Cashmere, was visited by a frightful earthquake on Sunday, the 31st ult. The shocks, which occurred at intervals of ten minutes, were of great violence. The greater part of the city was destroyed, and the cavalry barracks is a mass of ruins. Fifty persons are known to have been killed, and hundreds of the injured were taken from the general wreck. Serinagur is near the centre of the Vale of Cashmere, and that entire territory experienced the terrible earthquake shocks. The Mohammedan mosque at Sopur, twenty miles north of Serinagur, was demolished by the earthquake, and 200 persons were said to have been killed. Serinagur is picturesque in situation, but somewhat dilapidated in appearance. It is celebrated for its shawls, silks and rose-attar, and for the floating gardens in a lake near the town. Its population is over 50,000.

AFGHAN HAWKERS IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

It is many years since camels were first imported into South Australia, from India, by Sir Thomas Elder, as a means of opening up the fearfully dry country in the interior. Since then the importation of camels has steadily increased, and now nearly the whole of the carrying trade of the interior is entirely done by the assistance of those valuable animals. Our illustration represents a party of Afghan hawkers doing business at one of the Far North stations. Such is the trading propensity of the Afghan, that, even if he be but a camel-driver, he will always manage to stow away a few cheap handkerchiefs and beads for the purpose of barter. After a time, perhaps, he will hire a few camels, at so much per week, from the Camel Company, or if he have the ready cash for most of them manage to save a good deal, he will buy two or three camels in preference to hiring, and commence business on his own account. As hawkers, they are generally shrewd business men, and the stockman who thinks he can get at an Afghan in a monetary transaction generally finds in the end that he has considerably overrated his business capacity and underrated that of the wily Asiatic. Many of the well-to-do Afghans now import camels direct from India or Afghanistan, and only lately the jemadar who was for many years in the employ of Sir Thomas Elder imported nearly three hundred at his own expense.

COPY OF BARTHOLOMI'S STATUE, PRESENTED TO THE CITY OF PARIS.

On the 13th ultimo occurred the inauguration of a reduced copy in bronze of Bartholdi's colossal statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," presented to the City of Paris by the American residents. It is erected in the Place des Etats-Unis, where it forms an appropriate and majestic ornament. The ceremonies of the unveiling of the statue consisted of a presentation speech by Mr. Morton, the United States Minister; a response by M. Busson, the French Premier; an address by M. de Lesseps; and music. In the evening there was a banquet, at which many distinguished Parisians and the chief members of the American colony were present. The statue is about one-fifth of the size of that destined for New York Harbor, and is made directly from M. Bartholdi's model. Its height, including the pedestal, is something over eighty feet.

CIRCASSIAN SOLDIERS.

Our picture of a group of Circassian soldiers in the Russian army is from a sketch by Mr. Simpson, the artist-correspondent of the *Illustrated London News*, who writes: "While I was at Baku a rifle regiment arrived on its way through. They were quartered in a field near the railway station, where they had to wait a day or so for the steamer to take them across the Caspian to Krasnovodsk. They were all very young fellows, small and dumpy, with little or no hair on their faces. The soldiers were dressed in the usual dark-green, the color of the Russian military uniform. Since the occupation of the Caucasus, the Russian Government has organized a large number of regiments in that country, and has given them a uniform based on the old Circassian costume. I saw some of these troops at Sarakhs, when I was there in November last, and witnessed one of them perform a characteristic dance, brandishing a couple of daggers as he went through the varied movements. In Tiflis these Circassian uniforms are a very familiar feature of the streets."

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

MAY 29TH.—In Germany, Alfred Meissner, the eminent German poet and romanticist, aged 63 years. May 30th.—In New Brighton, Staten Island, Beverly Robinson, aged 48 years; in France, the Duke de Noailles, the French historian, aged 83 years. May 31st.—In New York, George F. Browne, formerly a well-known actor, and proprietor of the "Green-room" chop-house, aged 66 years. June 1st.—At Bowers Bay, L. I., Louis Douglas, a well-known veterinary surgeon, aged 60 years. June 2d.—In Berlin, Prince Charles Antoine of Hohenzollern, aged 74 years. June 3d.—In Brookline, Mass., Robert Treat Paine, grandson of the distinguished jurist of that name, of the last century, aged 80 years; in New York, Daniel T. Murphy, the well-known millionaire of San Francisco, aged 52 years. June 5th.—In London, Sir Julius Benedict, the well-known composer and musician, aged 81 years.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE new Tory cry in Eng. and, according to *Pall Mall*, is "Beer and Blood."

THERE is now no doubt but that the Hessian fly is doing as much damage, if not more, than did the cold weather last Winter, and the surplus wheat of Kansas will dwindle down to small proportions.

THE San Francisco Board of Education asks for an appropriation of about a million dollars for the year beginning July 1st, and of that sum less than \$70,000 is for teachers' salaries, while over \$43,000 is for janitors' salaries.

GERMANY has established a Protectorate over the district of Vitu, or Witu, which is claimed by the Sultan of Zanzibar as a portion of his domain, but it is governed by another Sultan, who claims to be independent of Sultan Sayyid Burghash.

THE formation of a Colored Art Association in Mobile is an encouraging evidence that our colored citizens are making progress in art as well as in politics. We may soon hope to have soul and sentiment put into our whitewashing and fence-painting.

THE case of T. J. Cluverius, who has been on trial in Richmond, Va., for nearly a month, charged with murdering his cousin, Fanny Lillian Madison, was given to the jury last Thursday, and in forty minutes a verdict of murder in the first degree was returned.

THE latest mischief of the English sparrow is destruction of orange-blossoms, the New Orleans *Times-Democrat* reporting the case of a tree which has for many years borne from 200 to 400 oranges, but now has less than a dozen of the fruit on its boughs because the abominable sparrows devoured its flowers.

THE marauding Apaches have divided into small parties, which the troops, and in some instances the cowboys, are pursuing. The Mexican Government has prepared for the arrival of the murderous Apaches in the Sierra Madre, and has sent orders to the towns in that district notifying them of a probable raid.

"COTTAGES are not renting rapidly at Newport this year," says an old Newporter. "Three thousand dollar a year places are renting for \$1,500, and the real estate market is greatly depressed." Living in Newport is much more expensive than in New York. The tradesmen there have in many instances accumulated fortunes.

BIG BEAR has led General Middleton a hard chase north, the outcome of which is not yet known. A correspondent of the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*, at Winnipeg, says the Canadian troops in the campaign lost 70 killed and 122 wounded, and the rebels' loss was 270 killed and 470 wounded. The cost of the war will be about \$3,209,000.

THE growth of some of the Southern States is illustrated by the statement concerning Chattanooga, that it has increased since the war "from a clump of whitewashed warehouses and shanties to a city of 25,000 inhabitants; from a tax-roll of \$1,300,000 to one of \$7,000,000; and has increased its business capital from \$209,000 to \$5,000,000."

THE great strike of the iron and steel workers in Pittsburgh and vicinity, ordered by the Amalgamated Association, has caused some 100,000 men to stop work. But little bad temper has been displayed on this side. There are indications that the manufacturers will concede the scale of wages demanded by the Association, or at least that a compromise will be speedily effected.

THE final exercises of the New Orleans World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial Exposition were held on June 1st, in the large grove of live oaks immediately in front of the art gallery. Some five or six thousand people were in attendance. The exercises consisted of speeches. The Mexican Band wound up the proceedings with "Hail, Columbia," and the Exposition was declared adjourned *sine die*.

At the fourth annual meeting of the Actors' Fund Association, at the Union Square Theatre, on the 2d instant, the reports of the secretary and treasurer showed the total amount received for the fund during the past year to have been \$12,936.19, including the fees from 600 members. There is a cash balance in the treasury of \$9,300, an increase of \$3,100 over that of last year. The people relieved number 234. Mr. A. M. Palmer was elected President for the ensuing year.

FREDERICK WARD, the ex-finance, who for a year past has made Ludlow Street Jail his headquarters; was arraigned in the Court of Oyer and Terminer last Thursday. The indictment against him charges him with having stolen from the Marine National Bank United States bonds of the value of \$1,500,000, together with other bonds, obligations and securities of like value, the date of the theft being May 2d, 1884. Ward pleaded "Not guilty." He will be tried on the 15th inst.

A PARTY of about fifty clergymen of the United States and Canada propose to make a bicycle tour through the Dominion. Their plan is to start early on the morning of August 5th from Niagara Falls, and crossing the new Suspension Bridge, proceed through Canada a distance of more than six hundred miles, completing the tour by a return to Niagara Falls on August 26th. The route will be to Goderich, on Lake Huron, and thence to Kingston, along the whole length of Lake Ontario.

THE intention to present the Berber Railway material to the Government of Cyprus has been abandoned, owing to the difficulty of landing the plant from the twenty vessels by which it was carried from England. The vessels will return to England. The portion of the railway already constructed has been attacked again by hostile Arabs, and the British have virtually abandoned it. Seventeen miles of the road have been constructed, leading to nowhere, and now remains an appropriate memorial of British intervention in the Soudan.

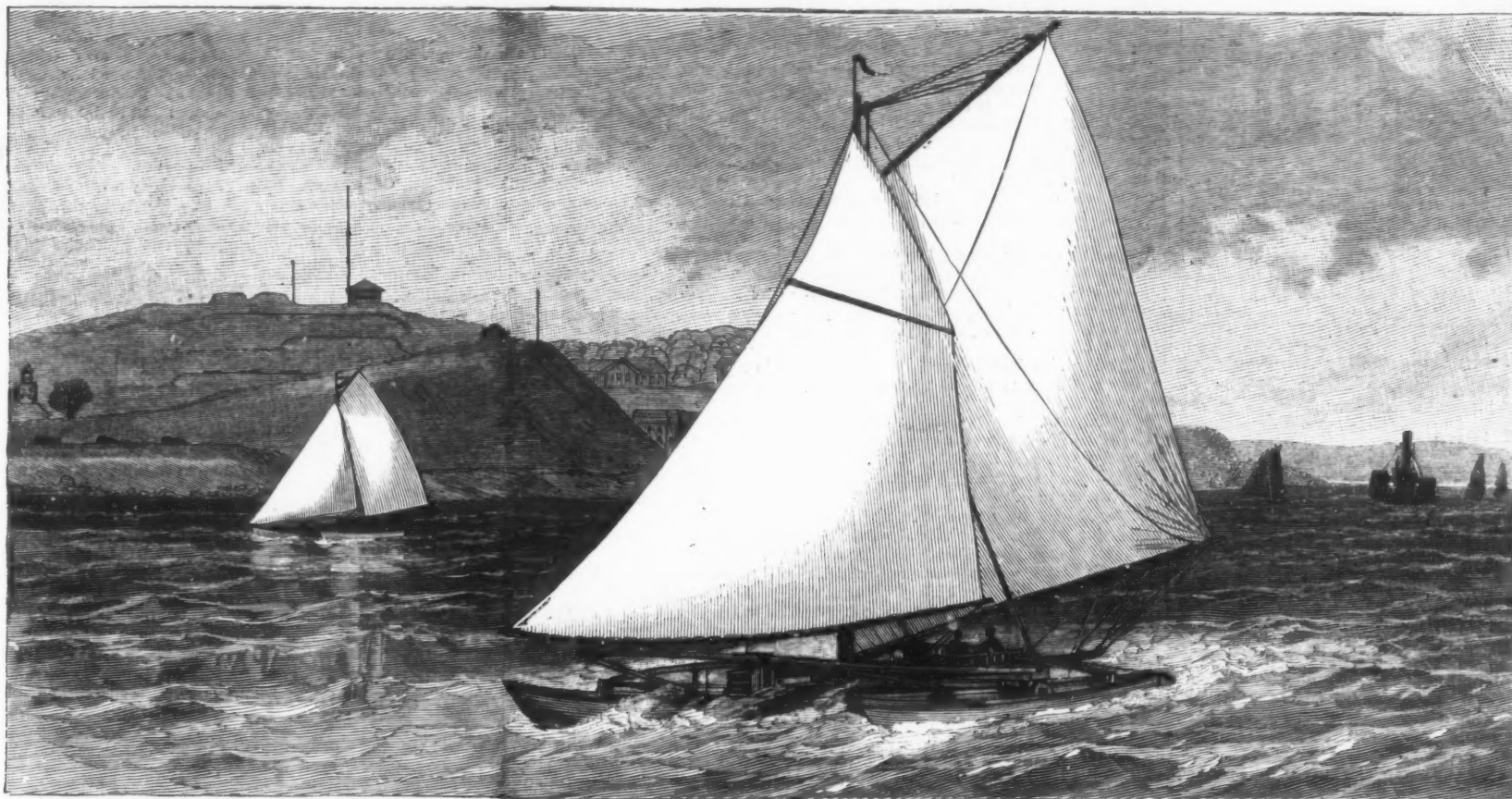
PROFESSOR RILEY, the Washington entomologist, has made several attempts to demonstrate the palatability of the grasshopper and of the cicada, miscalled the fifteen-year locust. "They are," he says, "only the quintessence of vegetable juices, and everything in nature feeds upon them ravenously. Both the *Oedipoda migratoria* and the *Acridion perigrinum* have been esteemed as food by some nations in all past ages, as far back at least as the Ninevan era. Indeed, some tribes have been called *Acridophagi*, from the almost exclusive preference they give this diet." The present time in favor of the introduction of the new diet, as intelligence from Northwest Arkansas has been received to the effect that locusts and grasshoppers have suddenly appeared in different localities to an alarming extent.



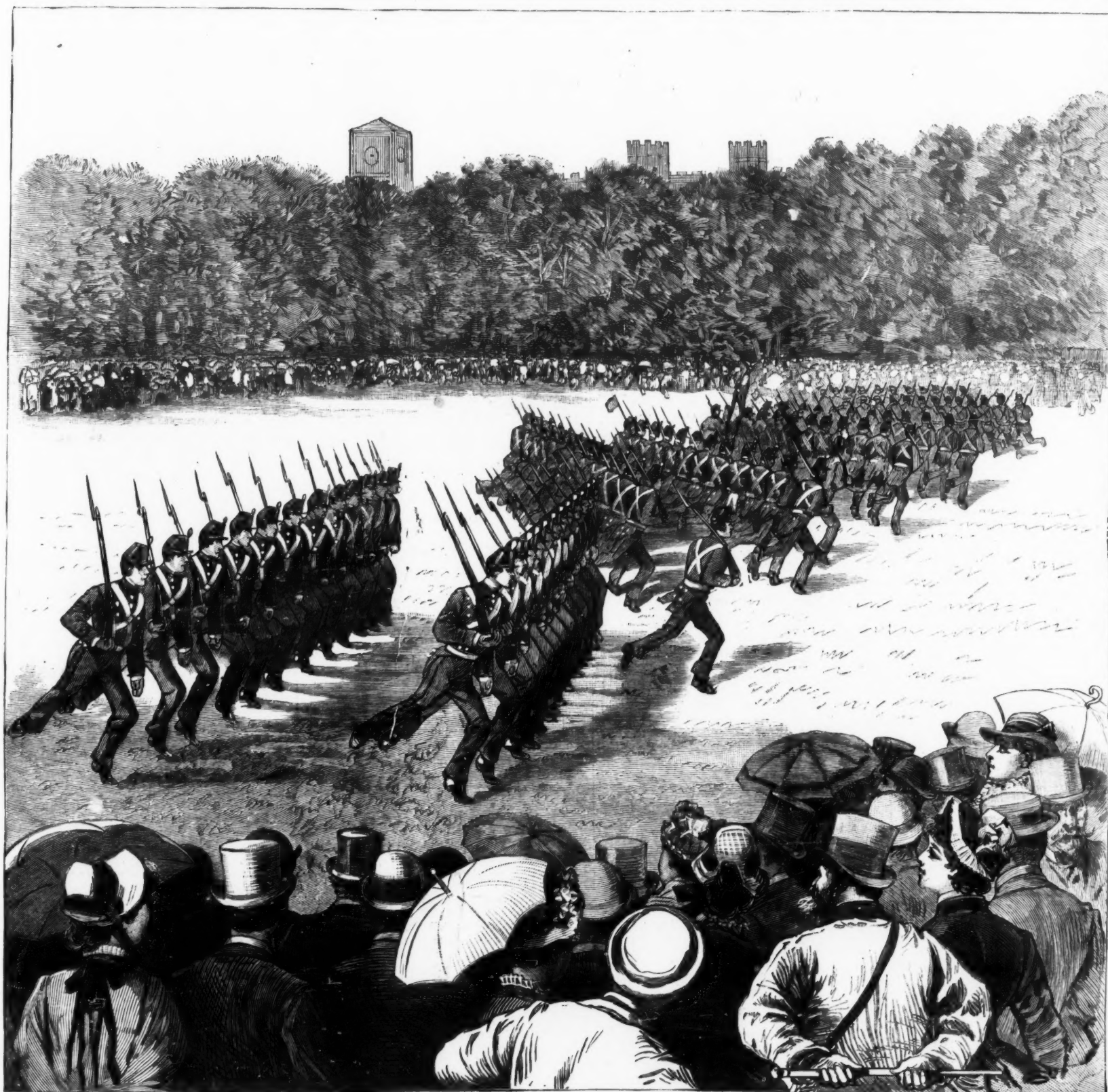
THE HALF-BREED REBELLION IN THE NORTHWEST—INDIANS ON THE RETREAT.
SEE PAGE 271.



ON THE NEWFOUNDLAND BANKS—AN APPROACHING STEAMER SOUNDING THE FOG-HORN.
SEE PAGE 271.



NEW YORK.—THE SPORTING SEASON—RACES OF THE CATAMARANS "IRIS" AND "JESSIE," IN NEW YORK BAY, JUNE 1ST, 2D, 3D, 4TH AND 6TH.—SEE PAGE 278.



NEW YORK.—THE ANNUAL EXAMINATION AT WEST POINT MILITARY ACADEMY—THE DRILL ON THE CAMPUS.
FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 275.

WHAT DO THE WAVES SAY?

WHAT do the waves say, O blue-eyed baby,
As they come dancing up the bay?
Pretty tales of shells and ripples,
Of white sails glancing and fish at play,
Of coral grottoes and sea-fans waving,
Of sea-birds skimming the crested waves,
Of mermaids sailing in pearl-lined scallops,
And wondrous treasures of ocean caves.
What do the waves say to you, sweet maiden?
Do they gently whisper that you are fair?
That you have a warm young life entangled
In the golden web of your sunny hair?
As Hindoo maidens test their lovers
By lamps sent out o'er the Ganges blue,
Does each sparkling wave seem like a beacon
To guide your darling again to you?
What do the waves say, O sad-faced woman?
Of a grave deep down in a coral bower,
Of white bones bleaching and staring upwards—
The blue eyes that haunt you day and hour—
Of ice-cold lips that your glittering rival
Has pressed so often that life has fled,
Pillowed his head on her cold wet bosom
While sea-weed flaunts o'er his ocean bed.
O sapphire waves, as you gently murmur,
Sun-crowned with gold and silver sheen,
Does no voice whisper that, ere to-morrow,
White-capped terrific, of emerald green,
You will tower aloft in your wild, mad fury,
Engulfing all that may trust to thee,
And over the graves of our lost darlings
You'll sing and ripple, O false, cruel sea!

EMMA K. CREAMER.

The Princess Ermenzarde;

OR,
The Begum's Bracelet.

By M. T. CALDOR.

CHAPTER IV.

LET us adjourn to Mrs. Smith's sitting-room, if you please," requested Philip Laing, in his most nonchalant tone.

"To be sure—to be sure," responded the mystified doctor.

"Certainly, sir. There is no harm in a little explanation before I see Miss Poindexter," supplemented the stranger, in a thin, wiry voice, giving that little, nervous cough between every two words.

And the three gentlemen proceeded to the uppretentious little room, from which Mrs. Darke beat a precipitous retreat, with a face of consternation which the circumstances scarcely seemed to justify.

Philip could see, now, that the stranger was very tall, very thin, and with a countenance of such sickly yellow tint as to suggest a continued residence in India, or a very disordered liver. His eyes were very small, and black and glassy, and were set close to an attenuated nose, which was so thin and long, drooping over at the tip, that it had the appearance of a vulture's beak, which suggestion the bead-like eyes helped to carry out.

He carried a clock lined with sable, even on that pleasant Summer day. His brightly polished boots drew prompt attention to the extraordinary thickness of their soles. His hands were encased in gloves. A silk neck-muffler was hanging from one pocket, and as he sat down he drew out an elaborately chased silver box, and, taking from it a couple of medicated pellets, he swallowed them gravely.

"You see, doctor, that I am a man who takes good care of himself. I am not used to being abroad so early in the morning, and these dews are chilly. I fortify myself against the stealthy intrusion of colds or fevers. In short, I take extreme care of my health."

"A very good plan—for the patient at least. We won't say anything about the physicians in that connection," rejoined the doctor, laughing lightly at his own facetiousness.

"Ha! ha! ha!" cackled the obnoxious stranger: "very funny, to be sure! But I pay my doctor a salary to keep me well. It's worth my while, and his, too; don't you see?"

"What an odious creature!" thought Philip, watching the man with a creeping sensation of aversion and disgust.

"And now about my dear kinswoman—about Miss Poindexter. Are you certain that she is safely over the peril? I cannot return without taking with me the full assurance of her safety."

"She is more comfortable than I dared to hope for last night. Of course the danger is not positively removed, since the nervous prostration has been so great," replied the doctor.

"You said that I might safely see her?"

"I thought so, certainly; but—"

"But Miss Poindexter's wishes interfere," interposed Philip Laing, calmly; "and my judgment likewise. She must have no further agitation."

The doctor looked at him angrily.

"Who is the fellow, and what right has he to dictate?" demanded the other. "I am Miss Poindexter's nearest relative—her betrothed husband, in fact. I am Marcus Steele—or Major Mark Steele, more familiarly known in London. Why shall I not see my kinswoman, I ask?"

"Because she declares otherwise, and I have promised to enforce her wishes, Major Steele. There is my authority. You probably recognize Miss Poindexter's handwriting and signature."

And Philip laid the scarcely dried writing before him.

"Philip Laing?" repeated Major Steele: "it is a new name to me. How do I know that Ermenzarde is in sane condition, competent to give a stranger such authority as that?"

"I think the doctor here can give sufficient testimony in that respect. It is precisely because we wish to keep Miss Poindexter sane, in the midst of this great nervous excitement, that I debar you from the interview," was the firm rejoinder.

The coughing had been exchanged on Major Steele's part for a series of little stifled sniffs, for

which he brought forth a gold box from the other pocket, and, pulling off his glove, took two or three pinches of snuff.

"An excellent remedy for catarrhal tendencies," commented he, between his inhalations. "You see that I am alert to ward off disease in all directions. I leave no vulnerable spots open to the enemy. My life is too valuable! he! he! for I am the bridegroom Miss Poindexter must marry—as the heir of Cedarswold."

"What gibberish was the old ghoul repeating?" queried Philip, with renewed disgust as he watched the man.

And he rose coldly, resolved to terminate the interview speedily, if such a thing were possible.

"Dr. Carleton," he said, formally, "will you be good enough to go into your patient for a moment, and return with your report for Major Steele's benefit?"

The doctor rose doubtfully.

"The gentleman is not to accompany me?" he questioned.

"Certainly not. You can ask Miss Poindexter what questions you choose concerning the matter. But do not be long, as I would not wish to keep Major Steele's carriage waiting, and it has already been here some time."

The doctor went away promptly.

The major sat drumming with the thin, claw-like fingers of the ungloved hand upon the arm of the chair. Now and then he wheezed and coughed, and anon he sniffed and took his pinch of snuff. All the while he glowered at Philip with those restless, vulture eyes, but disdained to honor him with his conversation.

The doctor came back with a grave face.

"I find my patient with a very rapid pulse, and giving evidence of extreme mental excitement. On no account could I admit you, Major Steele, under these altered conditions."

"Very well. I shall not waste my vital energies by quarreling with you. But you will understand that I consider this conduct as intolerably impertinent. I shall send down from London a lawyer who will know how to manage this affair, and a physician whose skill will be sufficient for so important a charge."

Saying which, with a simultaneous cough and sniff, the major flung his fur cloak about him, and stalked grandly away to his carriage.

It had scarcely disappeared when another and less pretentious vehicle came rattling swiftly to the gateway.

"Who now?" exclaimed Philip, in half-pretended, half-real consternation. "Truly my guardianship promises to be no sinecure."

This time it was a serving-man in modest livery, who assisted an elderly woman, also plainly a serving-woman, to alight from the vehicle.

The latter came hurrying up the walk.

"Where is she?" she asked. "Oh, dinna tell me she is badly hurt!"

"If you mean Miss Poindexter, she is too ill to be disturbed by visitors," answered Philip, more gently than had been his first intention.

For the tears were running fast down the wrinkled cheeks, and the poor old lips were quivering sadly.

"Too ill to see old Lisbet? Ah, no! that could not be; oh! my bonny leddy, that you would never say. Tell my leddy that old Lisbet has come from Cedarswold to mind her."

"Come in and sit down until I speak with her," he said, kindly. "And do not tremble so. I will bring her word promptly to you."

And he hastened to the door of the sick-room, and spoke his name as he knocked, and was therefore promptly admitted by Winifred, who looked pale and scared.

"Major Steele has taken his departure, Miss Poindexter," he said, quietly. "We have no more to fear from his intrusion. But old Lisbet has come to nurse you. Shall I turn her away also?"

"Poor Lisbet, faithful soul! I was sorry to have word go to Cedarswold, on her account. And she has made the hasty journey? Yes, bring her to me, it would break her honest heart otherwise. But, oh! be sure the other is kept away. Better admit a frantic tiger or a deadly serpent than that vampire ghoul!"

She shuddered as she spoke the last words in a tone of deep-concentrated loathing.

Winifred slipped forward, and laid her cool hands upon the contracted forehead.

"Hush, hush! put away all agitating thoughts. Remember how the doctor assured you that you might ward off the brain trouble if you would abjure all exciting thoughts."

Philip went out softly, and beckoned to old Lisbet. She came swiftly behind him, sprang over the threshold, and was at the bedside in another moment, with her arms about the recumbent figure.

"My bairn—my proud queen-bairn—you are spared to old Lisbet! The Lord is merciful, and His shield was over you," came in low, sobbing murmurs, accompanied by many broken words of quaint and fond endearment.

"Poor Lisbet! poor old Lisbet!" was all Miss Poindexter said.

But she fondled the withered old hands, and looked pleased and contented.

The doctor came in to interpose his authority, and to give a soothing portion, and enforce quiet. Lisbet came out to get a cup of tea which Mrs. Smith promised her, and Philip saw her stand a moment with clasped hands and upraised eyes, and heard her murmur wistfully:

"Oh, my bonny bairn! my proud, bonny bairn! If I could have found you peacefully sleeping the last sleep of all, I dinna ken if I should have mourned so much. This cankered grief is a living death that is harder to see for the eye that loves you. Oh, my puir bairn! my puir bairn! it is harder to see!"

Philip heard her with profound interest and no little curiosity. What could be the secret of this strange, proud woman's life, upon whose mysteri-

ous circumstances he had been so unexpectedly thrust?

More than once was he to ask that question during the day.

For it was a day of perplexity and excitement despite their best efforts.

Lisbet had talked with her mistress privately, and the man who had brought her went away with certain directions from his mistress, to be carried promptly to her lawyer.

The two had met on the highway, and therefore but a little after midday.

Mr. John Milburn, of Milburn & Son, Solicitors, sent in his card to Philip Laing.

The humble little sitting-room of Mrs. Smith was, nilly-willy, transformed into a reception-room, where many important questions came up for settlement.

"I am Miss Poindexter's confidential adviser in regard to all her business matters," said he, promptly and concisely, the instant Philip appeared. "William Early has just given me the particulars of the accident. The account in the papers had already started me towards Cedarswold. Miss Poindexter has sent me word that I am to confer with you, and enforce your commands in regard to the management of her illness."

While he spoke, Mr. Milburn's penetrating eye was making its own inventory of the young man's personality.

"You are a younger man than I expected to see," he added, with a slight smile. "I wonder that I have not heard of you or met you before, since you have obtained that rare hold upon my client—her confidence. I can assure you it is a very flattering testimonial to your ability and character. For she has few friends, and is singularly reserved in her confidential relations to the outside world."

"You will be more surprised, then, to hear that my first meeting with the lady was in that fatal railway coach yesterday morning," replied Philip, who was greatly taken with Mr. Milburn's appearance. "I assure you I am quite overwhelmed with the responsibility of my position, now that I perceive the complications likely to arise from it."

"You met her yesterday morning?" repeated the solicitor. "I am utterly amazed! Has that grand mind tottered at last? Miss Poindexter's great self-reliance and unfailing self-control has been my profound admiration for many a year. Has the strain so mercilessly enforced snapped the strings at length?"

He said this in a tone of voice which showed that he was speaking more to himself than to his companion.

"Let me tell you the whole story just as it occurred," cried Philip, eagerly. "It will be an immense relief to me, my dear sir, and you can judge undoubtedly more accurately than it is possible for me to do."

And as briefly, but graphically, as possible, Philip laid before him all the events that had befallen them since he stepped into the coach with her at Miss Poindexter's command.

The perplexed face of the lawyer cleared as he went on.

"Hum—ah, yes, I see the method of the madness now," he said, with a smile, when Philip paused for breath. "You are the son of a dear friend—and—and pardon me, since my criticism is not an unflattering one—you have an ingenious countenance. Besides, I know that she piques herself upon her infallible intuitions, like many a weaker woman."

"Who is that Madame De Leivenéz? And do you know why the poor creature has obtained such cruel hatred on Miss Poindexter's part?" asked Philip, eagerly.

The perplexed face of the lawyer cleared as he went on.

"Oh, yes, I know Madame De Leivenéz. So will you, when you have made your *entrée* into our London society. I mean that I know her by reputation; not that she would condescend to give me any social acquaintance. It will be different in your case. I prophesy that you will be one of the lions of her famous silver-and-blue *salon* next season."

"But what has she done?" persisted Philip.

"Charmed London, and Paris, and even St. Petersburg," he answered, lightly; "that is the chief thing you will hear about her. She is a veritable widow, though. M. de Leivenéz was killed in a duel two years and more ago. Not on his wife's account, either, if gossip tells the truth. Some actress imbroglio."

"You will not explain," said Philip, impulsively, and with an accent of reproach.

Milburn smiled.

"My dear fellow, do you expect to fathom in two days the secrets on which our astute firm has worked vainly for twenty years?"

"You do not know!" ejaculated the young man, in such utter amazement, that Milburn's smile became a downright laugh.

"Wait till you have further acquaintance with Ermenzarde Poindexter, and you will learn that her secrets are her own, that she does not wear her heart upon her sleeve, however plainly she may betray her chief aversions."

"And this odious Major Steele?" ventured Philip.

"Why, everybody can tell you that Ralph Poindexter left his vast estate to his niece Ermenzarde on condition that she should marry—if she married at all—his other distant relative on his mother's side, Marcus Steele. Miss Poindexter, according to my ideas, was wise enough to refrain from marrying at all under such circumstances. If Major Steele outlives her, he inherits Cedarswold. If he dies first, she is at liberty to marry or name her successor."

"He is so much older!" began Philip.

The lawyer shrugged his shoulders.

"Events do not always follow the course of nature. We have always felt that Miss Poindexter needed extra care and guardianship. Actually my father's gray hair rose on end when he read

that report of the dangerous accident to Miss Poindexter. She was wise to give the surveillance of her sick-room into resolute hands. No dangerous annoyance that we can fend off must be allowed to excite her now. I confirm you with all due authority in the case. And I bring checks to gild the machinery by which you enforce it. But what about this Dr. Carleton? I made inquiries at the village, and they give him a good name. Will he make trouble about my bringing down my client's family physician? I know the etiquette of the Faculty is rather rigid; I only ask to have Dr. Ladd investigate, and give him general directions."

"He is a clever fellow. I am sure he will make no trouble, if his services are still retained, even though another is put in authority over him. Then, you do not release me from my position here?"

"Certainly not. I confirm it with all the authority in my hands. Does it interfere with your business plans? I hoped not."

"Oh, no. I told you—didn't I?—how vague they were. My own affairs seem to have stepped a long way into the background, and to be of infinitesimal value."

"They may not be so entirely ignored as you think," answered the lawyer, with a friendly glance at the frank and ingenuous face of the young man. "But, now, let me see the doctor. I must abide by his decision about seeing the patient myself, and I must arrange for Dr. Ladd's appearance. He cannot be far behind, for I sent a telegram the instant I knew where she was located."

Dr. Carleton forbade any further excitement, and was only too willing for a consultation with Dr. Ladd, whose great experience and ability was not unknown to fame.

He was especially welcomed as a shield against the threatened invasion of Major Steele's agents. The protection of his edict was a safe barrier against any force they might presume to use. Mr. Milburn was doubtful about the major's courage to make so bold a move, but he had not counted on the full measure of the latter's audacity.

Long before sunset the fine carriage returned, and Major Steele's little exasperated cough was distinguishable before the door was opened.

Philip and Dr. Carleton, who were on the watch, went out promptly to the gate, and barred its passage.

"I have brought a responsible physician with me—one who has the needful skill for so important a case," he announced, with the accustomed hems and sniffs. "I must see my cousin at once. You will hinder me at peril of the law!"

"That is the very peril we accept," answered Philip, coolly. "Not one of you gentlemen can pass up this walk. I am very sorry to be uncivil to these strangers, but my duty is peremptory."

"I demand permission to see Miss Ermenzarde Poindexter! I demand it as the nearest kinsman and the heir-at-law!" reiterated the major, in the most determined tone. "It is of the utmost importance that her case be given into the hands of a responsible physician."

"Dr. Ladd, her own physician, is at this moment by her bedside." He positively refused to have any intrusion there," returned Philip, triumphantly. "And he quite approves of Dr. Carleton's treatment. Moreover, the younger member of Milburn & Son is in the cottage at the present time, and these proceedings are entirely under his approval."

The major ground down an oath, and turned a crestfallen glance towards the coach where his accessories still remained incognito.

"These are very strange proceedings," he began.

Here John Milburn came leisurely forth from the door, and walked down the path to the gate.

"Did I hear my name, Laing?"

"I say, Milburn, what sort of treatment is this?" began the major, swaggeringly. "I came down to see Miss Poindexter, and am refused like a dog—or a villain. I am full of anxiety about her."

"You need not be, my friend. We intend to take most watchful care of her. We are under Dr. Ladd's orders here, and not even you can dispute them. She will, doubtless, be well enough to return to Cedarswold, or to Belgravia, whichever may seem best to her, in a few days or weeks, at most. You must postpone your interview till then. I have not seen her myself, though I have received her instructions through her authorized agent, Mr. Philip Laing. We must ask you to drive cautiously on. Dr. Ladd's orders are particularly against any outside disturbance here."

He waved an authoritative hand, as if the interview were unquestionably ended.

Philip, with a broad smile on his face, opened the coach door, and very politely offered to assist the skeleton major to enter it.

"Curse you all!" was his parting benediction, with a cough at either end of the pleasant sentence.

And the coach drove slowly away out of sight. "A complete rout of the enemy," said Philip, gayly. "Or are there more mysterious assailants to be watched for?"

Milburn shook his head.

"One must not be too confident. But I think I can trust you to be vigilant. I have made arrangements for one of the neighboring cooks to relieve Mrs. Smith, in some measure, from this unusual draft upon her housekeeping resources. Lisbet will stay here, and Reynolds will remain in the village, ready for any errands. The doctor will give his instructions to you all before he leaves. For myself, I will take myself off, confident that I leave the cause in good hands."

CHAPTER V.

MISS POINDEXTER was sleeping soundly, with old Lisbet at the head of her bed and Mrs. Smith at the foot. Dr. Ladd had departed, and

his coadjutor was taking a leisurely cup of tea with Mrs. Darke. Philip was pacing to and fro softly along the front walk, under the light of the full moon, when a slender figure, coming swiftly through the gateway to his side, made him start nervously.

"Oh, is it you, Miss Winifred? I was almost startled into believing you a ghost," he said, smilingly.

"Come outside, please. Some one is there," she said, with a suppressed excitement in her manner.

"What, skulking? More trouble from the rascally major?" he demanded, in irate tones.

"No, I think not. I am sure the gentleman means no harm. But I would not answer him a single question. I told him I would bring some one to tell him what he wished," she said.

"How came you to see him?"

"I was walking to and fro along the road, trying to calm myself a little before going to my bed. He came to me and asked me if I knew the people in the cottage, and if I could tell him the real condition of the sick lady. But do not delay. He is waiting there in the road."

When he reached the gate, Philip could see a tall, straight figure, pacing to and fro along the gray line of the highway. A few rapid strides brought him to the side of the unknown.

"Well!" said Philip, rather aggressively.

"I am sorry if I annoy you," was returned by a voice singularly rich in tone, and indubitably revealing cultivation and refinement. "The young lady would not answer the simplest question. I wished to know about the sick lady—if she was seriously injured. I—I have heard such contradictory and alarming reports."

"She has been in a critical state, but we hope she has passed out of it. We do not mean any diabolical attempts to the contrary shall succeed."

"Ah!"

This was said with a deep-drawn breath, as if some painful remembrance stung the speaker, and he went on, fiercely:

"Then it is true. You have been subjected to annoyance. That—villain!"

"Do you guess the author of our present vigilance?" said Philip, dubiously.

"I cannot fail to do so," was the grave reply. "I know that Major Steele was in this vicinity twice to-day. But you have baffled him! Thank Heaven!"

"Then you are no agent of his, or you would have me think so?"

"I am not. But you do well to be cautious."

The gentleman kept his back to the moonlight. It was quite evident that he did not wish that Philip should be able to recognize his face.

Yet the latter could see plainly a magnificent form and a shapely head with full side-whiskers. The hat was a soft one with a wide brim, which was pulled low to shade the face.

"I will tell you candidly all that is requisite for you to know. I am an old friend of Miss—of Emmerzarde Poinexter's. I was shocked to hear of the accident, and the threatened danger. It may have been exaggerated in the papers. I came down to this vicinity, knowing that, if her life was in danger, it was my duty to speak with her. But I have no wish to disturb her otherwise, or to annoy her attendants. I shall beg you to refrain from mentioning the fact of my inquiry to any one, if you can assure me that she is in safety at present."

These sentences were spoken with dignity, and carried conviction of their truth with them.

(To be continued.)

EXAMINATION SEASON AT WEST POINT.

WEST POINT is one of the most romantic spots on the Hudson River; it is the school of the future defenders of our country, in whom everybody is interested; and it has excellent hotels, which throughout the Summer are places where society and fashion on the wing love to alight.

The term at the military academy closes on the last of May. Then come the regular annual examinations, and the graduation of the first class—a brilliant time for visitors, but a season of terror for the cadets. These examinations last a fortnight, and are open to the public. The Academic Board, which grades the proficiency of the cadets, is divided into two committees. The first is composed of the professors of natural and experimental philosophy, of mathematics, of law, of civil and military engineering, and the commandant of the cadets, and the Instructor of Ordnance and Gunnery. Its sessions are held in the library building, and they examine orally the first class in ordnance, gunnery, law and engineering; the second class in natural and experimental philosophy, and the third class in mathematics. They also put through by written examination in the Academic building the fourth class in mathematics. The second committee comprises the professors of modern languages, of drawing, of chemistry, mineralogy and geology; of history, geography and ethics, and the instructor of practical military engineering. In all classes the oral examinations begin with the lowest sections, and as each committee completes its labors the presiding officer is required to report the fact to the Superintendent. First-lieutenant William A. Simpson, Second Artillery, is detailed as secretary of the second committee, and Second-lieutenant Frank S. Harlow, First Artillery, as secretary of the first committee. At the close of each day's proceedings, the secretaries are required to report to the Adjutant the progress of the examinations.

More interesting to the visitors are the drills on the great plateau overlooking the Hudson, and the target practice which rouses the echoes of the green and sombre Highlands. Every pleasant evening, at sunset, a large crowd sits under the trees and watches the drill of the cadets as they move over the level plain like so many parts of one great machine. Then there are the mortar drills. It is a great relief to the cadets, after facing the fire of the examiners, to get out into the open air and bombard something. On Tuesday of last week, when our sketches were made, the target for the siege-guns was set in the south side of Target Hill, up the Hudson, while a buoy, with a red flag in it, anchored in the river between Target Hill and the battery, was the mark at which the mor-

tars dropped their shells. The target for the siege-gun practice was about eleven hundred yards distant, and about forty-five shots were fired, while not more than thirty shells were fired from the mortars, on account of a strong wind which made accurate aim impossible. At the conclusion of the siege and mortar drills, the cadets gave an exhibition drill with the Hotchkiss revolving-gun. The powder flashed, the smoke hid the gunners from view, and the peals of thunder rolled on and on through the mountain-peaks, as if a big city or an enemy's fleet was being bombarded. Considering the gale of wind against which the guns were leveled, the practice plainly showed to what degree of accuracy and proficiency the battery drills have reached at the Point. Such animated scenes are bright spots in a cadet's recollection of the somewhat dull and stiff routine at the Academy—which, nevertheless, is just the place to develop the stuff of which soldiers are made.

CONSECRATION OF THE GARDEN CITY CATHEDRAL.

THE Stewart Memorial Cathedral of the Incarnation, at Garden City, Long Island, was consecrated on Tuesday, the 3d instant. Since the informal opening of the Cathedral, in April last, the scene surrounding the magnificent edifice has undergone a transformation. A number of buildings have been erected, some only for temporary use, others intended to be permanent. A great crowd gathered at Garden City early in the day. The greensward of the Hempstead plain surrounding the Cathedral, dotted with silk flags stuck in the ground denoting the route which the procession was to take, was soon alive with hundreds of well-dressed ladies and gentlemen. Picturesque groups were formed by the clergymen as they crossed the grassy lawns. They wore the white and black robes, surplices, albs and stoles of the Episcopal Church clergy. Several of them were ritualists, as shown in their garments, and the bright colors of their dalmaticas and stoles and albs were enhanced by the soberer robes of the greater number.

The services began soon after eleven o'clock, when the procession, having formed in the basement, passed from the crypt through the cloister, around the Cathedral on the outside, and in the east door, singing the processional hymn:

"Christ is made the sure Foundation,
Christ the Head and Corner-stone."

The first division of the procession comprised the wardens and vestrymen of the diocese who were present; the second division, deputations of the organized charities of the diocese; the third division, St. Mary's, St. Catherine's and St. Paul's Schools; the fourth, the choristers; the fifth, the clergy of the diocese and visiting clergy; the sixth and last, the officers of the diocese, including the Deputies to the General Convention, the Standing Committee, the Missionary Committee, the Corporation of the Cathedral, and the Bishops of Long Island, and other bishops.

Within the Cathedral, the scene was filled with light and color. The rich stained-glass windows let the light of outer day into the richly decorated interior, throwing beams of varying color over the white Gothic marbles, the statues, traceries and carved woods of the sanctuary, the altars, *prie-dieus*, chairs, and the Bishop's throne.

After Bishop Littlejohn was seated upon his throne, the instruments of donation and endowment were laid upon the altar by Mrs. Stewart, the choir and all the organs meanwhile pealing out the One Hundredth Psalm. Then, after the opening prayer, the sentence of consecration was read and the regular service proceeded. The sermon was preached by Assistant Bishop Potter. The communion was celebrated by Bishop Littlejohn, assisted by Bishops Stevens, of Pennsylvania; Howe, of Central Pennsylvania; Paddock, of Massachusetts; Scarborough, of New Jersey; Starkey, of Northern New Jersey; and Seymour, of Springfield.

After the services, the Cathedral and Crypt were thrown open to all, and for hours a close inspection of the interesting features of this magnificent structure went on. The luncheon provided by Mrs. Stewart for her many guests, the clergy, and personal friends, was served with lavish hospitality in the refectory of the St. Paul's School building. It was enjoyed by three thousand persons.

The services connected with the consecration were continued on Wednesday and during the rest of the week, ending on June 7th.

MODERN SAFES.

THE PRESENT ART OF CONSTRUCTING FIRE AND BURGLAR PROOF SAFES COMPARED WITH THE PAST.

AT the beginning of the present century, safes for the protection of valuables against fire and burglars were of the crudest form. At that time the only protection against burglars were boxes of oak, or other hard wood, strengthened by iron bands, and provided with simple locks, opened by heavy, cumbersome keys. The first English patent for a fire-resisting safe was to Richard Scott, in 1801. It consisted of an inner and outer casing of metal, the space between being filled with charcoal or wood, treated with alkali salt; and the first American safe that obtained any celebrity were those constructed under the patent of C. J. Gayner, issued in 1833. They were constructed upon the same principles as the Scott safe, but the spaces between were filled with a composition of plaster-of-paris and mica.

The great fire in New York of 1835 gave rise to several new inventions for increasing the fire-proof quality of safes. Different substances and compositions were used for filling, and numerous experiments were tried to obtain the best non-conductor of heat; among different substances being asbestos, clay, hydraulic cement, and a mixture of alum, fire-clay and carbonate of lime or chalk.

At the time of the great Chicago fire, safes were subjected to a greater degree of heat than ever before. Those in use at that time demonstrated the fact that the walls were not of sufficient thickness, and the old-style filling was found to be an inadequate non-conductor. Many experiments and tests have since been made, each year adding improvements, until now perfect security is assured by the new and improved methods of construction, and every store, office or home is incomplete without this protection. The manufacture and sale of safes has become one of the largest industries of the United States. The most skilled workmen in the world are now employed in constructing safes that will not alone be proof against fire, but also foil the attempts of burglars. With

the advance of mechanical science, skillful burglars are enabled to make tools which, with the aid of explosives, such as powder and dynamite, they can open any of the old-style safes that were supposed to be burglar-proof, but as the strengthening of the iron-clad keeps abreast with the improvement in cannons, so every device of the burglar is met by improvements in metals to resist his attacks. It has been found that chrome steel can be so constructed as to be perfectly drill-proof and non-fusible. Boxes or safes of this material, properly put together, and placed inside of fire-proof safes or vaults, afford absolute protection for the time that burglars have to operate upon them. In locks the most remarkable ingenuity has been displayed, and the perfection of the locksmith's art is the four-tumbler combination lock, capable of one hundred million changes, which is absolutely non-pickable.

The most important establishment in this line, in the United States, is that of the Mosler Safe and Lock Company, of Cincinnati, Ohio, in connection with Mosler, Bowen & Co., of New York city. On page 276 our special artist has illustrated some portions of the immense factory at Cincinnati, and the spacious and elegant sales-room at 768 Broadway, this city. The public are not generally aware of the extent and magnitude of the business required for the manufacture and sale of these safes. The factory at Cincinnati is one of the most important industrial establishments of the country, a force of over 1,000 hands being kept constantly employed, and Messrs. Mosler, Bowen & Co. have over one hundred agents upon the road in different parts of the United States, the Canadas, and in various foreign countries, in addition to several branch establishments in other cities. The Mosler Safe-lock Company's safes embody principles that have revolutionized the safe-making business of the world. These principles are the result of careful experiments and tests, and no expense has been spared to obtain all the latest inventions and discoveries. The Company owns a number of patents, by virtue of which it exclusively controls these new improvements.

The filling used is a patent concrete filling, chemically treated, the secret of its preparation being known only to this Company. In the thousands of tests to which their safes have been subjected, not one has ever been known to lose its contents. The walls of these safes are thicker than any of the old styles, and, with the patent filling, afford absolute protection against fire. The mechanical construction of the Mosler Safe and Lock Company's safes commands admiration from the most critical observer. These safes are the only ones constructed of one continuous plate, with rounded corners and filled from the bottom, making them not only stronger and much more secure, but causing the fireproof filling to be hermetically sealed. The Mosler Safe and Lock Company's safes are the only ones that have solid crescent angle frames, both front and back, with welded corners, thereby firmly securing the continuous plate and preventing any part of the safe from warping, and giving the entire safe a uniform strength and durability, as in the construction of boilers. The doors have eight flanges, instead of three or four, as heretofore, and each corner is beveled, and has a wedge-proof corner socket-bolt, thus preventing wedging, and resisting expansion when exposed to fire. The bolts and locks are placed on the inside, instead of the outside, flanges of the doors, making them not only easy of action, cleaning, etc., but preventing their being affected by heat in case of fire.

The Mosler Safe and Lock Company's Safes have taken the lead in every Exposition in which they have been shown, so incontestable is their superiority over all others, and bankers and merchants all over the world testify as to the elegant finish and fire and burglar proof qualities of these safes.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

A BRILLIANT black varnish for iron, stone, wood or concrete can be made by stirring ivory-black in ordinary shellac varnish. It ought to be applied to the surface when the article to be coated is cold. This varnish does well for stoves or fire-places.

DIETULFAIT has shown that boric acid is not always of volcanic origin, but that vast quantities exist in the salt lakes and saline marshes, all the elements of which are of a sedimentary character, and which amid more or less complex physical and chemical changes have nevertheless their origin in the evaporation of normal marine basins.

A METHOD of military nocturnal signaling has been devised by a Russian, Captain Kostovich. To a small captive balloon is suspended an Edison electric lamp, which, by means of connecting-wires, can be kindled and extinguished at will by an operator stationed on board-ship or in any other convenient position, a series of such extinctions and re-ignitions being employed according to a telegraphic code.

PURE beeswax is obtained from the ordinary kind of exposure to the influence of the sun and the weather. The wax is sliced into thin flakes and laid on sacking or coarse cloth, stretched on frames resting on posts, to raise them from the ground. The wax is turned over frequently, and occasionally sprinkled with soft water, if there be no dew or rain sufficient to moisten it. The wax should be bleached in about four weeks.

RICHARD SAVAGE, the Stratford-on-Avon librarian, has found a real book-worm and has made a pet of him. "I found a little fellow," he says, "on December 27th, 1884, in our library, in a copy of the 'Theatrum Poetarum' of Edward Phillips, 1675. He had made his way only about half an inch up the back of the book. I placed him in a small pill-box, and gave him a few bits of the back of an old book for food. On looking every day, I always found him at the top of the box, so I concluded he wanted air, and then I pricked some holes through the top with a pin. He has since remained at the bottom of the box, feeding and growing till he has enlarged from about one-eighth of an inch to full three-sixteenths, and thicker in proportion. I have examined him carefully in the sunlight with an ordinary lens. He seemed disturbed by the light or heat, so I turned him on his back, and found that he had six legs at the fore part of his body, the hinder two being about half his length; and these, no doubt, are of great use in his boring. He has a tiny dark-tipped nose, which seems very hard, and a head of a very light amber color. His body is of a transparent 'white wax-like color,' and has hair upon it, for I noticed portions of the refuse of his mastications adhering to him, a little distance from his skin."

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MISS JULIA JACKSON, General "Stonewall" Jackson's daughter, was married in Richmond, on the 2d instant, to William E. Christian, of that city.

MRS. OLE BULL and family will probably retain possession for another year of "Elmwood," Mr. Lowell's house at Cambridge, which they have occupied in his absence.

VERDI says he never intended to compose an opera entitled "Othello," and that he will write no more. "My career is ended," he says; "let now the younger men have their turn."

JOHN KELLY, the Tammany Hall leader, is at the Clifton Springs Sanitarium, suffering from nervous dyspepsia and exhaustion of the nervous system through overwork in the campaign last Fall.

MORE Russian *ana* may soon be expected, and from the capable pen of Mr. Charles Marvin, who is about to issue a pamphlet entitled, "The Railway to Herat: An Account of the Russian Railway to Herat and India."

AMONG the measures about to be introduced in the House of Commons by the British Government, is a bill to provide the necessary funds to establish a royal residence for Prince Albert Victor, at Navan, County Meath, in Ireland.

MR. FURNESS, of Philadelphia, has three queer clay pipes which were dug up in the garden of the old inn at Stratford; and one of these, it is thought, might, by some happy chance, have belonged to the Gentle Will himself.

A BOSTON critic, having called the late N. P. Willis "selfish," Morris Phillips comes to the latter's defense in the *Home Journal*. Mr. Phillips writes that "he was associated with Willis in business for fourteen years, with almost daily contact, and can unhesitatingly say that he never knew a man less selfish."

In the course of his address to the Michigan Legislature, previous to his departure for Russia, Minister Lothrop said: "Almost from the beginning of our intercourse, the empire of Russia has been the firm and fast friend of the United States, and he who goes from here there should feel it his first duty to maintain and further that friendship."

DR. TALMAGE preached an unusually impressive sermon on Victor Hugo on the Sunday after the great poet's death. A party of political leaders, who held a conference in Brooklyn on the same day, said afterwards that the subject of politics was not broached, the sole theme of their conversation being Dr. Talmage's discourse, which they had heard in the morning.

SIR JULIUS BENEDICT, the well-known musician and composer, who conducted Jenny Lind's concerts in the United States and Havana in 1850, died in London, June 5th, at the age of 81 years. He was a pupil of Weber from 1821 to 1824, and produced in London the operas of "The Gypsy's Warning," "The Brides of Venice," and "The Crusaders." He composed many other musical and orchestral pieces, and conducted the musical festivals at Norwich and London.

MISS CLEVELAND, the President's sister, is poet as well as lecturer and author, having contributed poetry anonymously to the *Utica* (N. Y.) *Herald* while living at Holland Patent. The *Herald* says her stanzas were "thoughtful, graceful, and suggestive of Emersonian verse." Miss Cleveland has just sent to her New York publishers, as the title of her forthcoming book, "George Eliot, and Other Studies." The book is expected to be given to the public in about a week.

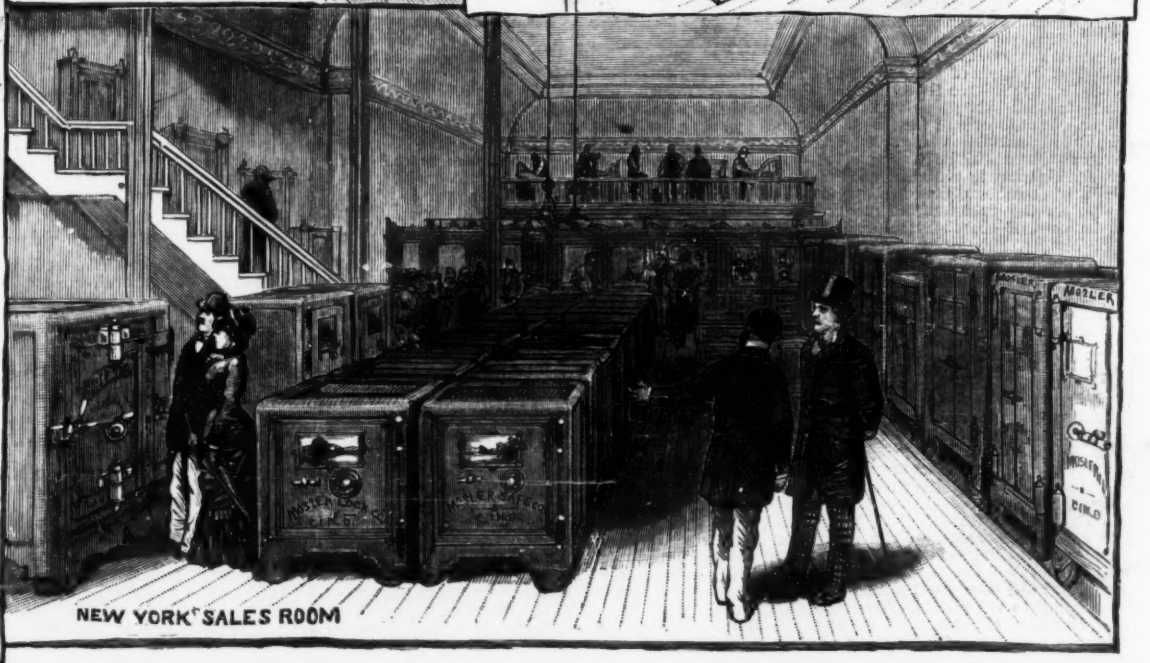
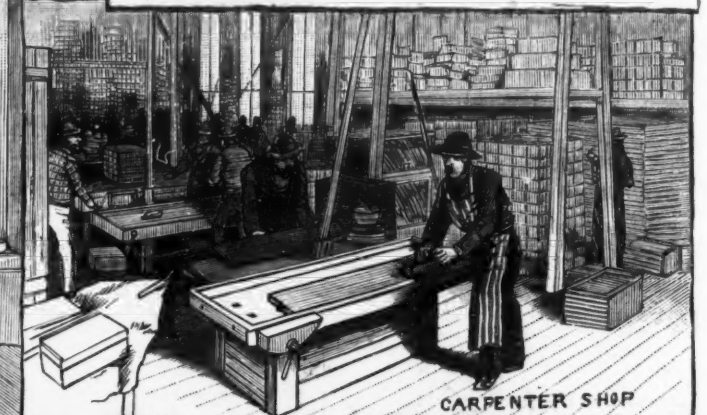
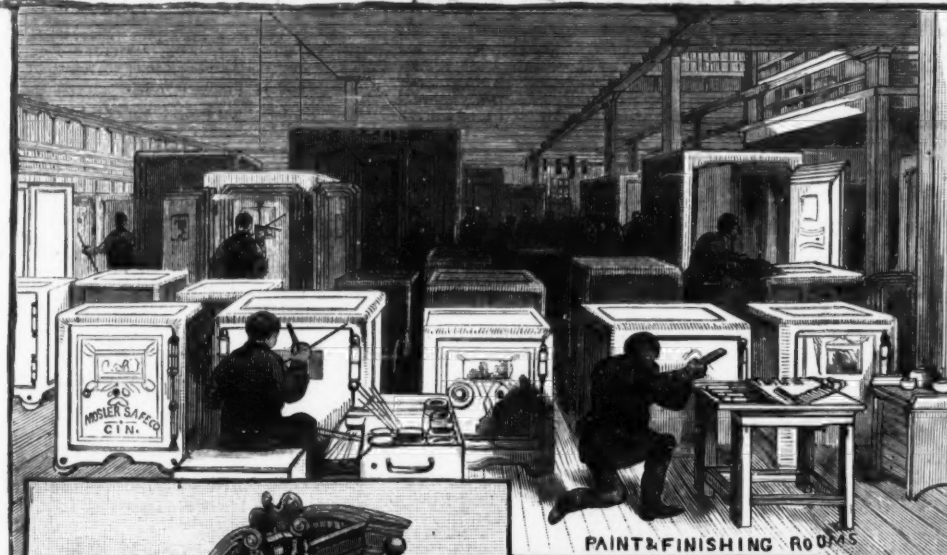
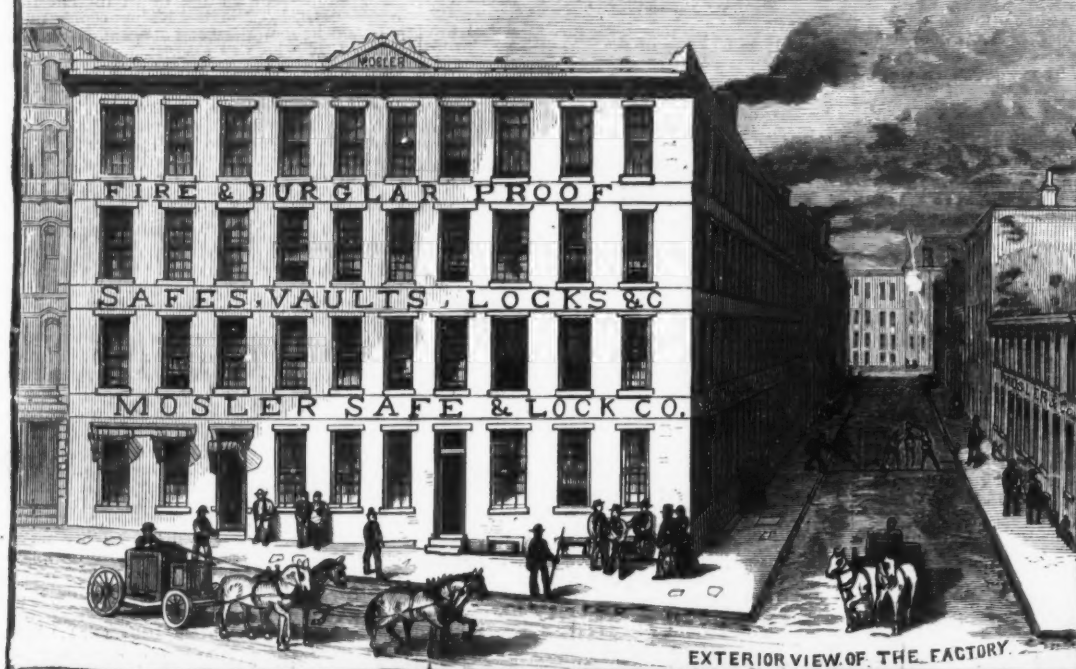
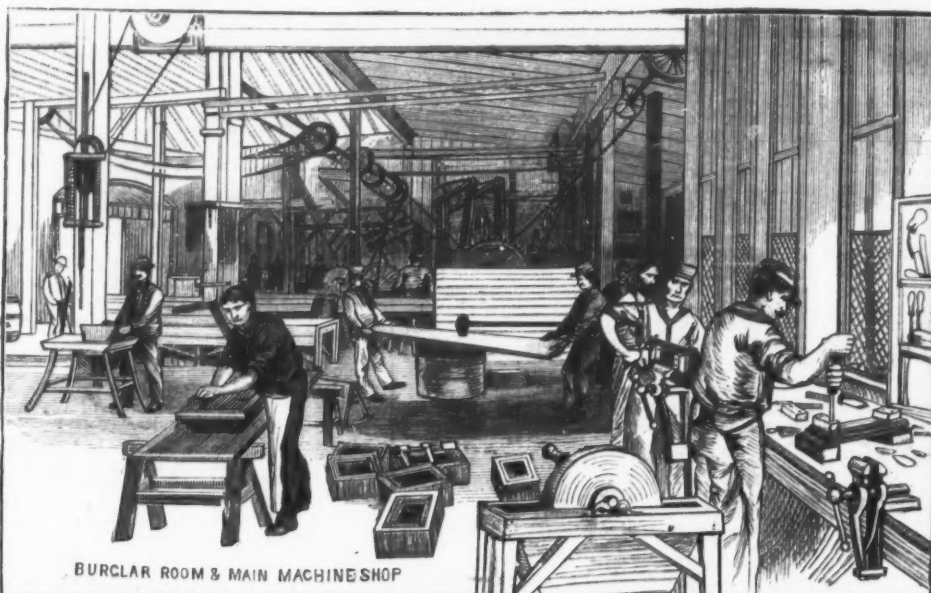
GENERAL GRANT's book is well on towards completion, and no longer troubles his mind. The swelling in his throat has abated. Dr. Douglas expects General Grant will have left the city before the last of this month, probably for Saratoga. One of the delightful things about the prolongation of the General's life is the discomfiture of the ghouls who bought up all the crape in the market, in order to make their profit out of his death, and are now mourning over their invested capital.

In the preface to the first part of his autobiography, just issued, Mr. Ruskin says: "I have written frankly and garrulously of what gives me joy to remember, passing in total silence things which give me no pleasure in reviewing. My mother's influence in molding my character was conspicuous. She forced me to learn daily long chapters of the Bible by heart. To that discipline and patient, accurate resolve I owe not only each of my general power of taking pains, but the best part of my taste for literature."

A NEWSPAPER correspondent enumerates eighteen magazines which have flourished in New York city, only to fade at last. The proprietor of a magazine which once was popular is now a pauper patient in a hospital. That special qualities are essential to the success of magazines is shown by the fact that the number of able men who have failed to meet these requirements includes Charles F. Hoffman, N. P. Willis, Edgar Poe, Park Benjamin, William E. Burton, Washington Irving, the Duyckincks, Thomas Dun English, James B. Gilmore, and others equally celebrated in different lines of literary work.

THE romantic and melancholy career of Adèle, daughter of Victor Hugo, to whom he leaves 4,000,000 francs, is related in a Halifax journal. Adèle, named after her mother, was her father's favorite child. When a mere girl, living with her parents in Brussels, she became acquainted with a youth named Pinsen, belonging to a wealthy English family, and fell madly in love with him. They became formally engaged and secretly married, as she believed. Pinsen proved recreant, but Adèle Hugo followed him to Halifax and thence to Barbadoes, whither he was ordered with the British regiment in which he was gazetted lieutenant. Some years ago she became insane and was placed in a private asylum, where she still remains.

DE NEUVILLE carried his love of the realistic so far as to smash the windows of his studio, tear the doors off, and riddle the walls with bullets. His models, most of them old soldiers, were often nearly suffocated by being piled upon one another; the horses that came to him from the knacker's yard still alive were shot in the workshop itself, so that they might fall naturally. All this was to the great dismay of his neighbors, who, in the beginning, not knowing what to make of all this noise, frequently ran to the police. The guardians of the law in their turn invaded the premises in order to prevent what they imagined to be wholesale slaughter. They only found De Neuville with dishevelled locks, pistol in hand, arranging his scene, and retired with a handsome *pourboire* to wash down the smoke of the gunpowder, with which they were almost choked.



OHIO.—THE MANUFACTURE OF FIRE AND BURGLAR PROOF SAFES—THE PROCESSES AS ILLUSTRATED IN THE FACTORY OF THE MOSLER SAFE AND LOCK COMPANY OF CINCINNATI.—SEE PAGE 275.

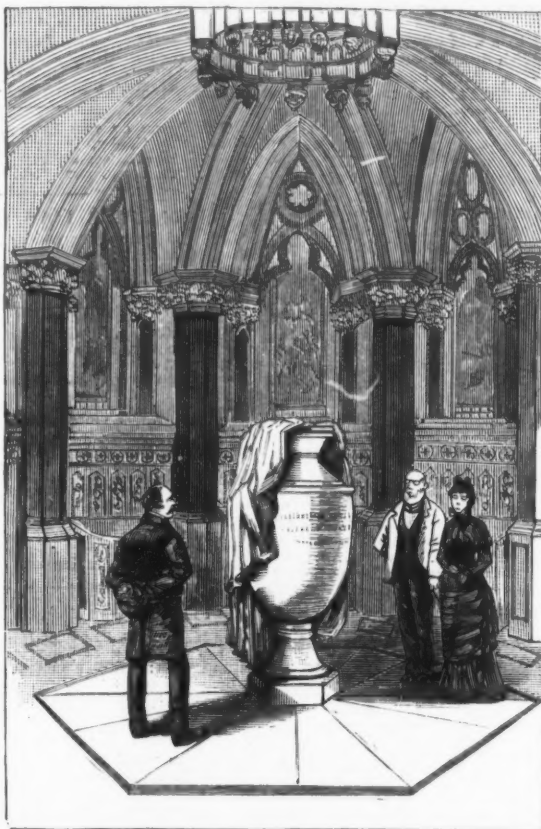


COLONEL CHARLES DENBY, U. S. MINISTER TO CHINA.
PHOTO. BY BRAND.

THE NEW MINISTER TO CHINA.

COLONEL CHARLES DENBY, the new Minister to China, is a prominent lawyer at Evansville, Ind. He is a native of Botetourt County, Va., and is now fifty-five years old. He graduated at the Virginia Military Institute in 1850. He was a professor in the Masonic University at Salem, Ala., until 1853, when he located at Evansville, and became assistant editor of the *Daily Engineer*, a Democratic newspaper. In connection with his editorial work he began the practice of law, to which for two years he devoted his entire attention. He was elected a member of the Indiana Legislature in 1856. In 1861 he recruited the Forty-second

Indiana regiment, and became the lieutenant-colonel of it, subsequently being promoted to the rank of colonel. He resigned in 1863, on account of disabilities received while in the service, and returning to Evansville he resumed the practice of law. He has held no political office since being in the Indiana Legislature, in 1856. He is one of the most prominent lawyers in Indiana, and



NEW YORK.—THE CRYPT OF THE STEWART MEMORIAL CATHEDRAL, AT GARDEN CITY.
SEE PAGE 275.

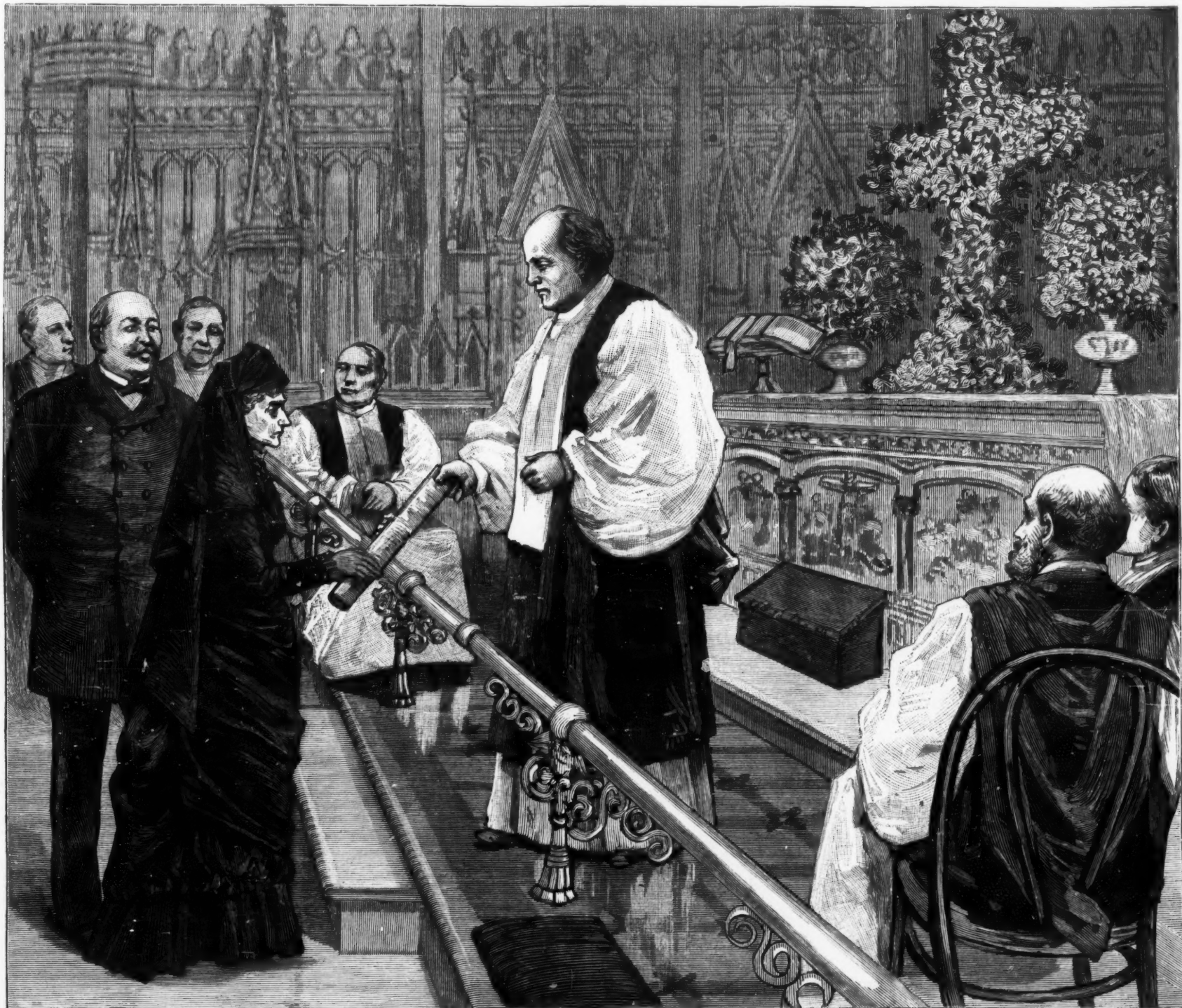


HON. E. G. ROSS, THE NEW GOVERNOR OF NEW MEXICO.
PHOTO. BY HANDY.

has been quite successful in his profession. He is a man of fine personal appearance, being over six feet in height, and weighing about 250 pounds.

HON. EDMUND G. ROSS, GOVERNOR OF NEW MEXICO.

SEVENTEEN years ago, "Little Ross," of Kansas, became known to the people of the United States as the savior of President Johnson from impeachment for "high crimes and misdemeanors." The incident of his being taken from the



NEW YORK.—CONSECRATION OF THE STEWART MEMORIAL CATHEDRAL, AT GARDEN CITY, JUNE 2D — MRS. STEWART PRESENTING THE DEED OF THE PROPERTY TO BISHOP LITTLEJOHN.

FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 275.

printing-press in Kansas, and sent to the United States Senate, has been repeated, with slight variations, in his appointment to his present high position.

Edmund G. Ross was born in Ashland, O., December 7th, 1826. His father was a farmer, and a poor man, so that the only education Edmund received was in the printing-office which he entered at the tender age of ten, as the "devil" of the old *Commercial Advertiser*, of Huron, O. He soon became a thorough "jour" printer, and has been a type-setter, off and on, for nearly half a century. He removed to Milwaukee in 1852, and from that time until 1856 was foreman of the *Sentinel* job office. He concluded to go to Kansas, the prospective giant State of the West. He bought an ox-wagon, put his wife and three children and household effects into it and crossed the trackless prairie. He published the *Kansas Tribune* for two years; then sold out, and tried farming for a year and a half. During this time he was a delegate to the Leecompton Constitutional Convention. Afterwards he established the *State Record* at Topeka, and continued to publish it until 1862, when he enlisted as a private soldier in Company E, Eleventh Kansas Infantry. It was afterwards mounted as a cavalry regiment, with Ross as major. He saw some severe fighting, being in a seven or eight days' bloody contest with General Sterling Price. At Prairie Grove, Major Ross had three horses shot from under him. At the close of the war, Major Ross took charge of the *Kansas Tribune* at Lawrence, and conducted it till June, 1866, when Governor Crawford appointed him to succeed General James H. Lane in the United States Senate. The Legislature elected him in January, 1867, to serve out the unexpired term, and he was in the Senate nearly five years. At the expiration of his Senatorial term he returned to newspaper-work on the *Lawrence Standard*, acting sometimes as type-setter and sometimes as editor, until 1882.

In 1876 Major Ross was a delegate to the St. Louis National Convention. The same year he was a Presidential elector, run ahead of the ticket, and as such was President of the Electoral College. In 1880 he was unanimously nominated for Governor of Kansas on the Democratic ticket. He made a thorough canvass of the State, spoke in every county, and ran 4,000 votes ahead of Hancock. In 1882 he removed to New Mexico, settling in Albuquerque. On May 23d President Cleveland appointed him Governor of the Territory. He has traveled over the entire extent of New Mexico, making a study of its resources, wants, etc., and to-day is its 11th Governor, receiving the co-operation and hearty support of both political parties.

THE CATAMARAN RACES.

NEW YORK bay, last week, was the scene of a series of five beautiful and exciting catamaran races, to decide the question of superiority between the *Jessie*, a centreboard boat owned by Mr. Frederick Hughes, of this city, and the *Iris*, a keel boat just completed by Mr. Thomas Fearon, of Yonkers, for Mr. Robert Inman, of this city. The wager, of \$250 a side, was made about the time the keel of the *Iris* was laid. The *Jessie* is forty feet long, while the *Iris* measures about two feet six inches more over all. The races were over a thirty-mile course, from Bedloe's Island to Buoy 8¹/₂, off Sandy Hook and return. The catamarans at times made a dash at the rate of a mile in two minutes—a speed attained by no other craft propelled by sails, save the iceboat. They carried more sail than anything else in the harbor. At times the *Jessie* plunged her bows so deeply into the waves as to appear almost standing on her head; while the *Iris* thought nothing of running for half a minute at a time on one keel. Mr. Hughes sailed his own boat, while the *Iris* was navigated by her builder.

The five races took place on Saturday, the 30th ult., and the Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday following. The *Jessie* won them all save that of Wednesday. The best time was made on the first day, when the actual distance sailed was thirty-two miles and the time of the winner 2:27:27¹/₂. At the last race, on Friday, the start was made soon after noon, the *Jessie* crossing the line at 12h. 25m. 40s., and the *Iris* 18s. later. The wind was blowing half a gale from the West, and the tide was against the boats. The *Iris* behaved badly almost from the start. The weather-hull came out of the water with every strong gust, and the boat did not steer well. The *Jessie* gained rapidly, and when she reached a point opposite Tompkinsville the *Iris* was a mile astern. Shortly afterward Skipper Fearon gave up the race and came back under his jib alone, passing Bedloe's Island soon after two o'clock. The *Jessie* kept on her course, rounded the buoy, and had about as rough weather as any yachtsman would wish to see, as shortly before three o'clock a terrific squall came up from the northwest. The *Jessie* weathered the squall handsomely, however, and came up the harbor with nearly all her canvas spread and with her "whip" flying. She crossed the finish-line at 3h. 54m. 52s., and her elapsed time 3h. 29m. 12s. It should be said in favor of the *Iris* that she was finished just before she began the series of races with the *Jessie*, and her skipper has had no opportunity to make such alterations in her rig as almost invariably suggest themselves in the first sailing of any new boat.

BIRD ARCHITECTURE.

CHARLES DIXON publishes, in *Nature*, the following interesting observations: "The way in which a bird builds its nest, seemingly without instruction, thought or experience, has been repeatedly brought forward as a convincing proof of blind, infallible instinct governing it in its task. No more popular proof has been brought forward by the supporters of the blind instinct theory than that of bird architecture. It is thought a wonderful thing for a bird to build a nest without any instruction, or without ever seeing a nest typical of its species. That birds are capable of such marvellous powers has long ago been denied by Mr. Wallace, and we have not a particle of evidence that such is really the case ('Nat. Selection,' and Seebohm's 'Brit. B.' ii. Intro.). Indeed, the evidence, such as we can glean, goes far to disprove the presence of any such instinctive power. Birds brought up in confinement have been found not to make a nest typical of their species, but generally content themselves with forming a rudimentary structure—heaping a lot of material together without any design, or even laying their eggs on the bare ground with no provision at all. In my opinion, however, the conditions of life are so changed when a bird is kept in confinement that too much weight should not be attached to its actions in captivity, and the experiment has never, to my knowledge, fairly been tried with wild birds or birds living under normal conditions.

"A remarkable instance, however, of a changed mode of nest-building has just been brought to my notice by Mr. W. Burton, the well-known naturalist of Wardour Street. Some time ago his brother (now employed at the museum at Wellington, N. Z.) took out to New Zealand a number of young birds of our common native species, with the object of introducing them to the Antipodes. Amongst them were some young chaffinches (*Fringilla caelebs*). These were turned out, and have thriven well in a wild state, bidding fair to permanently establish this charming little bird in our distant colonies. Some of the birds have built a nest; and to Mr. Burton I am indebted for a photograph of the wonderful structure they have woven. It is evidently built in the fork of a branch, and shows very little of that neatness of fabrication for which the bird is noted in England. The materials with which it is made seem very different, too. The cup of the nest is small, loosely put together, apparently lined with feathers, and the walls of the structure are prolonged for about eighteen inches, and hang loosely down the side of the supporting branch. The whole structure bears some resemblance to the nests of the Hangnests (*Icteria*), with the exception that the cavity containing the eggs is situated on the top. Clearly these New Zealand chaffinches were at a loss for a design when fabricating their nest. They had no standard to work by, no nests of their own kind to copy, no older birds to give them any instruction, and the result is the abnormal structure I have just described. Perhaps these chaffinches imitated in some degree the nest of some New Zealand species; or, it may be, that the few resemblances this extraordinary structure presents to the typical nest of the Palearctic chaffinch are the results of memory—the dim remembrance of the nest in which they had been reared, but which had almost been effaced by novel surroundings and changed conditions of life. Any way, we have here, at last, a most interesting and convincing proof that birds do not make their nests by blind instinct, but by imitating the nest in which they were reared, aided largely by rudimentary reason and by memory. I have not the least doubt that, had these young chaffinches been hatched in an alien nest in this country, and never allowed to see a nest typical of their species, or have any connection with old and experienced birds, the results would have been still more startling and strange. Man has to learn the particular art of house-building practiced by his own peculiar race—birds have to do the same.

FRUIT.

ONE of the most salutary tendencies of domestic management in our day is that which aims at assigning to fruit a favored place in our ordinary diet. The nutrient value of such food, in virtue of its component starches and saccharine materials, is generally admitted; and while these substances cannot be said to equal in accumulated force the more solid ingredients of meat and animal fat, they are similarly useful in their own degree, and have, moreover, the advantage of greater digestibility. Their conversion within the tissues is also attended with less friction and pressure on the constructive machinery. The locally-stimulant action of many subacid fruits on the mucous membrane deserves mention. Its control of a too active peptic secretion, and its influence of attraction exercised upon the alkaline and aperient intestinal juice, are points of more than superficial importance. To this action further effects, which aid the maintenance of a pure and vigorous circulation, are indirectly due. Dyspeptic stomachs, on the other hand, are usually benefited by a moderate allowance of this light and stimulating fare. It must be remembered, moreover, that every fruit is not equally wholesome, let the digestion be as powerful as it may. Nuts, for example—consisting as they do, for the most part, of condensed albuminoid and fatty matters—cannot compare in acceptance, either by the palate or the stomach, with other succulent kinds, even though they contain in the same bulk a far greater amount of nutriment. A little of such fruit is enough for digestion, and that little is best cooked. Nevertheless, if we take fruit as a whole, ripe and sound of course, and consider the variety, its lightness and nourishing properties, whether eaten alone or with other food, and its cheap abundance, we cannot hesitate to add our voice in support of its just claims on public attention. In former articles we have shown why vegetable produce of all kinds should enter largely into the food of children. Well-chosen fruits are consequently for them as safe and beneficial as agreeable.

FUN.

THE way to make an overcoat last is to make the undercoat first.

NO BALD-HEADED NEGRO can join the Masons. Why? Because he is always black bald.

"CAN a red cow give white milk?" asks an exchange. Why not? A red pump gives white milk.

"PATRICK, what is an adopted son?" "An' sure, Mike, it's a boy who is not the son of his father."

CONSUMERS do not poke fun at the new gas bill. They know too well that the man who makes light of gas has to pay for it.

THE Tenth Commandment might be made to read, for the benefit of maritime nations: Thou shalt not corvette thy neighbor's ships.

THE French call love the "toothache of the heart." The term is not strong enough. You can have an aching tooth extracted and still enjoy life.

THE law of gravitation does not affect fruit. Witness the heaviest apples, always a-top, or the biggest strawberries, always in the upper layer.

A NEW YORK Sunday-school teacher told her pupils that when they put their pennies into the contribution-box she wanted each one to repeat a Bible verse suitable for the occasion. The first boy dropped in his cent, saying: "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver." The next boy dropped his penny into the box, saying: "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." The third and youngest boy dropped in his penny, saying: "A fool and his money are soon parted."

MARVELOUS RESTORATIONS.

THE CURES which are being made by DR. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 Girard St., Philadelphia, in Consumption, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Rheumatism and all chronic diseases, by their Compound Oxygen Treatment, are indeed marvellous. If you are a sufferer from any disease which your physician has failed to cure, write for information about this treatment, and it will be promptly sent without charge.

FONG says that his landlady's pie is not altogether bad. The only fault he can find is that the stuffing, and not the crust, is short.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

INCOMPARABLE IN SICK-HEADACHE.

DR. FRED. HORSFORD, JR., Salem, Va., says: "To relieve the indigestion and so-called sick-headache, and mental depression incident to certain stages of rheumatism, it is incomparable."

YOUNG or middle-aged men suffering from nervous debility, loss of memory, premature old age, as the result of bad habits, should send three letter stamps for large illustrated treatise suggesting unfailing cure. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE CHILD OF THE PERIOD.—Visitor at country house: "By-the-by, you didn't know who I was this morning, Marguerite?" Small daughter of the house: "No; who were you?"

PREMATURE LOSS OF THE HAIR

MAY be entirely prevented by the use of BURNETT'S COCAINE. Housekeepers should insist upon obtaining BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS; they are the best.

THE fattening, healing and strengthening qualities of SCOTT'S EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL with Hypophosphites is known by millions who have been benefited by it, and is attested by the medical profession throughout the world. It is almost a specific for consumption and wasting diseases. Send for four-ounce sample. Free, except express charges. Address, SCOTT & BOWNE, 132 South Fifth Ave., New York.

REED & CARNICK'S SODIUM HYPOCHLORITE—Recommended by the Public Health Association as superior and least expensive of all disinfectants and germicides. Cholera, Diphtheria, Typhoid, Malaria, etc., prevented by its use. Sold everywhere. Send for pamphlet. REED & CARNICK, 182 Fulton Street, New York.

PRINCE NICOLAS TSHERBATOV,

Flag-Lieutenant Imperial Russian Navy, speaking of the efficiency of the LIEBIG CO.'S COCA BEEF TONIC, says: "It is a most excellent tonic." Edwin Booth says: "Did me good." General Franz Sigel says: "Benefited me very much." Invaluable in debility, dyspepsia, biliousness, sick-headache, nervousness.

CHRONIC nasal catarrh—guaranteed cure—DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY.

MUST THE ROLLER RINK GO?

THE roller-rink craze is likely to be checked by the number of cases of pneumonia which can be traced to this cause.

Roller-rinks, as well as all places of amusement where one becomes overheated, are injurious at this season. The only safe way to have the fun and avoid the danger is to use DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKY, which prepares the system to resist all sudden changes and exposure. When disease is contracted it is a reliable remedy. It is warranted absolutely pure and free from fusil oil. Recommended by leading physicians in pneumonia, consumption, and all pulmonary troubles. For sale by leading druggists and grocers.

ANGOSTURA BITTERS were prepared by Dr. J. G. B. SIEGERT for his private use. Their reputation is such to-day that they have become generally known as the best appetizing tonic. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

COMING HOME TO DIE.

At a period of life when budding womanhood requires all her strength to meet the demands Nature makes upon it, many a young woman returns home from the severe mental strain of school with a broken-down constitution, and her functions disarranged, to go to an early grave. If she had been wisely counseled and given the benefit of Dr. PIERCE'S "FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION," her bodily development might have kept pace with her mental growth, and health and beauty would not have given way to decline and death.

LUNDBORG'S PERFUME, Edenia.
Lundborg's Perfume, Maréchal Niel Rose.
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.



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For the Toilet and Complexion. Keeps the Skin soft and delicate and free from disfiguring eruptions. Modifies and checks wrinkling. Guaranteed free from harmful ingredients. Price One Dollar.

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A
POSITIVE CURE
for every form of
SKIN and BLOOD
DISEASE
FROM
PIMPLES to SCROFULA.

ECZEMA, or Salt Rheum, with its agonizing itching and burning, instantly relieved by a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP and a single application of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure.

This repeated daily, with two or three doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, to keep the blood cool, the perspiration pure and unimpeded, the bowels open, the liver and kidneys active, will speedily cure Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Lichen, Pruritus, Scald Head, Dan-druft, and every species of Itching, Scaly and Pimply Humors of the Skin and Scalp, with Loss of Hair, when the best physicians and all known remedies fail.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure, and the only infallible Blood Purifiers and Skin Beautifiers free from poisonous ingredients.

Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50 cts.; Soap, 25 cts.; Resolvent, \$1. Prepared by POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

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CARTER'S
LITTLE
LIVER
PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drunkenness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. 40 in a vial. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 cents. 5 vials by mail for \$1.00. CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

NO MORE RHEUMATISM

Gout, Gravel, Diabetes. The Vegetal Salicylates, celebrated French cure (within 4 days). Only harmless specifics proclaimed by science. Box, \$1. Book and references free. L. PARIS, only agent, 102 W. 14th St., N. Y. Branch, 303 N. 4th St., St. Louis, Mo.

GOLDEN HAIR WASH.

This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny Hue so universally sought after and admired. The best in the world. \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. R. T. BELLCHAMBERS, Importer of fine Human Hair Goods, 317 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

ONLY FOR

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Use PERRY'S MOOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. It is reliable.

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Dr. L. Young, 360 Hudson St., near Canal St., N. Y.

AYER'S PILLS.

SUGAR-COATED
CATHARTIC

Ayer's Pills are entirely vegetable in their composition, act speedily and thoroughly, and impart tone and energy to the whole system. They may be given to children with entire safety. L. O. Bragdon, Columbia, S. C., writes: "I have used Ayer's Pills in my family for years. I give them to my children, in preference to any other physic, and always with the most gratifying results. They are invaluable as a home medicine." A. B. Foster, Children's Home, Westville, Conn., writes: "We have used Ayer's Pills, and think them a very safe and excellent family aperient." R. D. Jackson, Wilmington, Del., writes: "I have used Ayer's Pills for a number of years, and have never found anything equal to them for giving me an appetite or imparting energy and strength to my system. I always keep them in the house."

Most of the diseases affecting the digestive organs yield readily to the influence of Ayer's Pills. They stimulate the Stomach, Liver, and Bowels, and restore the system to healthful condition. A. A. Wostenholme, Utica, N. Y., writes: "Whenever I am troubled with Indigestion, I take one or two doses of Ayer's Pills, and am promptly relieved. I have used these Pills for years, and have never known them to fail." Randolph Morse, Lynchburg, Va., writes: "I have never found anything equal to Ayer's Pills for keeping the Stomach, Bowels, and Liver, in good working order. I always use them when occasion requires." E. H. Knapp, Detroit, Mich., writes: "Ayer's Pills cured me of Dyspepsia, from which I had suffered for years. They have done me more good than any other medicine I have ever taken."

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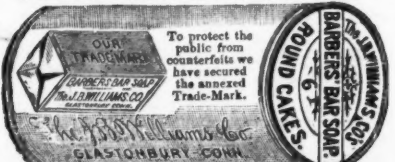
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